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THE INFANT:

AND

OTHER POEMS.

LUDWIG, Printer, corner of Vesey and Greenwich-sts., New-York.



THE INFANT:

A

POEM IN FOUR BOOKS:

BY THE

REV. JOHN MINES.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

“ While the child was yet alive, I fasted and wept; for I said, Who can tell whether God will be gracious to me, that the child may live ?

“ But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast ? can I bring him back again ? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.”

II. Sam. xii. 22, 23.

NEW-YORK:
JOHN S. TAYLOR,
THEOLOGICAL AND SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKSELLER,
BRICK CHURCH CHAPEL,
Opposite the City Hall.

1837.



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P R E F A C E .

THIS little poem was occasioned by the death of the author's infant son, ALEXANDER CRUDEN, at the interesting age of twenty-two months. It was written for his own improvement and comfort, at such times as he could redeem from the labours of an academy and the ministrations of a church. But knowing, from repeated experience, how welcome is the messenger of comfort to the wounded heart, he now offers the work to the public, in the hope that it may be instrumental in ministering consolation to parents, and especially to *mothers* bereaved of their infant offspring.

To those sorrowing under this affliction the most affectionate condolence is tendered by

THE AUTHOR.

ROSE HILL, Md., 1837.

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P O E M S.



THE INFANT

—

BOOK I.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject—The human frame—Importance of the birth—Reflections of the parents—Natural affection defended—Birth of Samuel—Birth and character of Samuel Davies—Princely birth not to be envied—Ambitious war—The battle field—Why we are born helpless—Man's vast capacity—Systems of worlds—Children a weighty trust to parents—Fortune-tellers—The shepherds near Bethlehem—Birth of Christ announced by angels—The birth-place—The star in the East—Journey of the wise men—Apostrophe to Asia—Christ anticipates his sufferings—Is betrayed—Condemned—Insulted—Crucified—Necessity of his death—The Cross our only hope.

THE INFANT.

BOOK I.

THE BIRTH.

By love of Cruden, by my loss, constrained
The Infant's Birth, Life, Death and Bliss I sing;
Memorial of my dear, departed babe.

THE shipwrecked mariner, thrown on the coast
Of unknown lands, defenceless thrown, implores
The aid of strangers; so, with eloquence
Of piercing cries, the babe, thrown on the shore
Of this terrene, solicits help and home.
Around the pilgrim group, on Plymouth rock,
The gathering crowds admiring press, and gaze
At figure, size, complexion, distant growth
Of unknown climes; nor we with wonder less
Of reason, scan the babe, to learn his make.

His complex frame of thousand parts combined
Is proof of science and designing skill
In Him, who made the earth, the sun, the stars
And thinking hosts, Himself a cause uncaused.

The lungs of porous form demanding air
To warm the crimson tide ; elastic tubes
To force to wide extremes the vital flood,
To motion all essential and to life ;
And valved veins to lead it to the fount,
From whence propelled, it runs again its round ;
Are solid argument that He who planned,
Had knowledge more than man, nor less than God.

Of varied modes this strangely wrought machine
Is complicate, and springs essential each
To all, and each adapted to its use.

The eye transparent, fluid-formed and dense,
For beauty set, conveys to mind within
A world of thought from all the visible.
As this, the other four organic named
Or sense, bears each its part in man's delight.
Wouldst know their worth ? the deaf, the blind can
tell ;

The deaf, the blind, who once could hear, could see,
But joys of light or sound can hope no more.
In this organic structure man arrayed,
Abides at home, where nature owns him lord,
And brings for his reflection all her stores,
Or for his use.


If traced, with scienced eye
Of anatomic skill, the human form ;
'Tis fearful, wondrous wrought. A thousand bones

Of thousand forms, and muscles, nerves and tubes,
Invisible or seen, unnamed, unnumbered yet,
Compound though simple, in one system joined,
Compose a whole so well arranged, adapt
To life, to motion, graced with comeliness
And form erect, that man in wonder stands
At his own make. Surprise it well demands,
(If strangest, most absurd, creates surprise)
Were found but one of all in human shape,
Denying cause supernal of his form,
(If such ; not argument, but will prevails,)
But most we stand amazed, at him amazed,
Whose study leads to know the parts of man,
In all their forms and use ; and yet, nor knows
A cause supreme, or knowing, proud disowns.
Forethought and aptness of effect and cause,
Not from material mites, refined and organized,
Can emanate, (what each ingredient has,
The whole, of right, may claim, no more ; inert
Each particle, the whole 's inert combined,)
Nor from the laws of blind fortuity,
Which have no power to plan nor atoms make,
Much less this work impressed with wisdom's stamp,
High wisdom, sole prerogative of God,
Which saw th' extended scheme of all his works,
And left efficient might to speak them made.

Thought claims from thought its parentage ; in
man

It has a first ; this first from whence derived ?
From thinking essence, not finite, for this
Soon ends the chain ; but from Almighty Thought
Eternal, uncreate, none first where none
Begins to be. To make the firmament,
Garnished with hosts unseen or visible,
Was God-like ; this a work yet more divine,
To give created essence power to think.
One thought in finite (finite has a cause)
More proves a God, all-wise, intelligent,
Than orbs on orbs apart from their design.

The birth announced ; to life's immortal roll
Another name affixed, stands candidate
For being's utmost bound, eternal age.
The prize of being sure ; to some a boon,
A curse to some ! the one it must to him ;
But which, his love must prove or hate of God,
If spared probationer to know his law.
For endless joy or wo, a candidate !
Beggared to naught are starry firmaments,
In price with him compared ; unconscious they !
Infinite worlds in boundless void outlaunched,
Could not creation's worth so loud proclaim
As the poor infant cottage-born ; he thinks.



One comet, blazing in the sky, strikes more,
(So rarely seen,) the gazing eye of man,
Than deathless being bursting into life,
Each hour beheld ; beheld unmoved, because
Repeated oft ; as water, air, life's best,
Life's hourly mercies ; mercies seen, not felt,
They 're always here.

In Memphis learned most, most ignorant,
Sage councils sat, for purpose sage, to scan
The life each dead had lived ; their voice affirmed
His fate, his finite fate, renown or shame.
The parent soul deep counsel holds at birth,
In solemn thought, o'er life immortal thrown
On his protection. What his being, worth,
Duration ? What his happiness ? And how
Ensured ? His pain whence possible ? How long
May it accurse ? How this can be prevent,
Who stood 'twixt naught and him, and that secure ?
Are points, grand points of his aspiring thought.
With duty's coming weight, when close advanced
More felt, as thunder's near alarm deep strikes
The sense, the parent heart o'erwhelmed sighs out,
No more he can, his ardent suit ; "Thou Fount
Of being ! counsel, help, all grace impart."

Cease, stranger, cease thy tears, here's help and
home ;


Thy friends are round thee ; first a mother's care

Awaits thy wants untold ; a mother's care
The infant's shield, thy promptest, best defence.
From Christian law and mercy springing thence
This sacred guardianship thou hast secure.

Much man calls his is stamped, hard sought high
prized ;

Maternal pains recalled, but more augment
Maternal love. With fervid heart uplift
In holy praise, or mused, or spoke, she sees,
Transported sees her babe in form complete,
Nor marring blemish in his comely face.
Such love, such joy, such care in him she feels,
He seems another life in her revived.
More anxious she the hourly vigil keeps
O'er him asleep, awake, than vestal kept
O'er burning symbol, lest th' extinguished flame
Prove omen fatal of the falling state.
Though made of sterner stuff, the father's heart
Must feel ('t is nature bids) the double glow,
Divided love, each share enhanced, for babe
Born of his blood, nor "orphaned in its birth."
The joy for infant born and mother saved
Paternal felt, with Christian joy compares
In this, divided most, each claimant shares -
The richer part, and richer he who gives.

In vain man's race were made, parental love
Unmade, unwove in man. Not fed with oil



Expires the dying lamp ; all life expires
Dependant life, unfed by parent love ;
The needed care no motive else will prompt.
All living nature, beasts and feathered tribes
This fondness prove a law innate in all.
The lion, tiger, elephant and bear,
Or wild or tame, in this agree, with food
To serve their young, and furious meet their foes
To save from threatened ill their helpless charge.
'T is inbred law that gives, where none are taught,
This rule to brutes, preserver of their kind.
Bears, lions, tigers, fed on spoil of life,
What can forbid to rend their young ? Not hate
Of blood ; but for their whelps a native love.
Parental love untaught gains ample proof
Around the nest where wren and swallow tend
The chattering product of their brooding care.
Albeit this love's enounced by fluttering wing,
Or chirping note, or insect brought, grand prize,
Or shrill and plaintive cry unformed in words,
When pressing danger makes their young complain ;
'T is nature's voice, undubious voice, that speaks
The tie of love which binds the parent heart.
Infinite space 'twixt naught and atoms lies ;
As wide extremes are man and beast, instinct
And thought. Shall beast and bird claim privilege,
High privilege to love, exclusive theirs,

And throw on man the blush, less rational,
Less prompt than they, to guard and rear his race?
The blush, thrown thus at man, lights not on him;
Say ye, that make the charge, where must it light?

Away sophistic school of muddy heads!
Through dimming mists of fuming prejudice,
Or gross, dark clouds of unreined lust perverse,
Ye look at heaven-born ties, man bound to man,
To virtue bound, to God; then dare assert
Unblushed, that love of parent for his child,
By nature's law, is all unnatural.
This doctrine, baseless, wild, absurd,
From dens of prowling wolves, and blood-stained
pards,
If there proclaimed, would be, with growling wrath,
Retorted back to that base heart of man,
The friend of vice, the foe of human kind,
That could a thought conceive or speak so vile.
The ravening beasts to blood and rapine prone,
Seek others' life to feed and grow their young,
And while to those severe, to these are kind.
How praiseless then the toil and sapient skill
Of lettered sirs, to forge for man a rule
To mete the love, which his own child may claim,
In dignity and worth less wise, less high
Than that engraved in wolves' and tigers' dens.
By reason counselled, parent love in man

Loves all ; refrains from hurt and hate of all ;
But gives its fulness and its force supreme
To that dear charge it knows and feels its own.

This law, in Eden stamped on man new-made,
Survives time's circling change, and blighting touch,
Pale death of ages and the march of sin,
Impaired, not lost, defaced, yet legible.
This law new-sanctioned stands in holy writ
(Fair register of nature's primal laws
Revived, with mercy's promise now annexed)
Demanding, under seal divine, of man
Provision for his house. Recusant here
Has precedence in crime, above the guilt
Of heathen tribes ; he knows our Christian hope,
Its evidence, yet spurns ; they know them not.

Columbus, in whose thought new worlds revolved,
From court to court repulsed, in long delay,
Had joy when Isabella smiled. His soul
Adventurous braved unbroke the pathless way,
Receding hopes, impendent mutinies,
Till top-mast cry announced, The land, the land !
In ecstasy the hero, now dissolved,
Pours grateful tears and shouts his ardent praise.
For first born babe the heart such transport feels ;
In warmest glow, deep seizing all the soul,
It whelms in silence the extatic pair,
To others leaving naught but looks intense

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To others leaving naught but looks intense

And sparkling tears to speak the mighty tide,
That swells the breast and chains the silent tongue.
Such joy was Anna's at her Samuel's birth,
The child of prayer, for Jacob's house ordained
A preacher and a seer. Anna devout,
Recording well her vow in anguish made,
The sacred pledge to Israel's tent conveys
And consecrates to Him, who heard her sighs.
Not she, as most, when sorrows urge they pray,
And could they buy the boon, a realm as price
Were rated low ; now gained, they straight forget
That God is good, or claims the promised vow.
For new existence, conscious, deathless made,
Who asks, asks candidate of bliss or wo.
He asks and has ; and then perchance drops suit,
Nor asks with daily zeal his happiness,
The happiness of his immortal babe.

Such joy that mother felt, who fondly claimed
A Davies for her son, besought with tears,
Though not a first, nor yet an only born.
Davies, a reverend name at Nassau-Hall ;
The pride of Delaware ; Virginia's boast ;
Man's comfort, angels' joy, and God's delight,
Was hers. His voice all majesty and love,
As summer's breeze sweet breathed on fainting soul
Sin sick, celestial peace ; not friendly less .
When terror-clothed, it broke in dread alarm


On sleeping consciences, to wake their fears,
To wound their false and fatal rest. To them
'T was terrible as northern blasts that lash
The grove, and strew the ground with shattered
trunks.

Jehovah's bolts his hand could wield, and draw
From horror's magazine still new supply
To throw in love, to prompt the culprit's care
Lest hurled omnipotent, they point at him.
The distance, endless dreamed by faithless souls,
'Twixt them and burning thrones for judgment set,
His thunder uncreates and sets e'en now
The guilty there to know to prove himself.
He fell, in Princeton fell, and triumphed too ;
Through all her land Columbia felt the shock,
And British shores responsive mixed their moan.
He lives amid the blest, in angel form
High towering o'er the saints of common grade,
And nearer dares, on wings cherubic poised,
To seize the dazzling glimpse of God unveiled ;
His high employ to know, to love, to praise,
And lead blest souls yet nearer to the throne.
A sacred mansion too he holds on earth,
By pious works upreared in Christian hearts ;
Nor will it fall, till earth and burning skies
In ruin sink, and spring to nobler forms.

•

A prince is born, ordained to wear the crown
Bedecked with glittering gems, and millions hold
In sway imperious. With loud acclaim
The court, the realm resound. Feasts, tournaments,
The noisy bells and cannon's roar, announce
The general joy. To them who share his blood
What cause of joy, or them who hail him lord ?
To those who love him most, his princely birth
What joy ? His prospect mark, make fair report.
Say first, where fixed the point of happiness ?
Not that possessed, but future hoped, is point
Where man lays down his care, takes up his bliss.
This splendid point the minor prince espies
In starry diadem, most distant seen
Most bright. Reverse of heavenly orbs. The eye
Fixed steadfast there, to intervening joy
Is blind ; the heart in sighs broods o'er the months
That lengthened seem to years, they move so slow.
The irksome time dragged out, the hour is come,
The hour of promised bliss. What has it brought ?
A crown, a title, king or emperor.
A month, a day their charm has power to please,
Then fades familiar grown. See now the host,
The flying host, exiled the monarch's seat,
Unselfish love, truth, friendship, confidence,
Each tie of worth that binds man's heart to man.

gone in search of humbler home, their place
red with guests that wait in palaces,
e, feigned love, fell rivalships, the smile
ed, the flattering bait, all passed for truth.
onarch now a fool, the dupe of knaves ;
rise, the sport of fools ; say, is he blest ?
lory fire his soul of arts or arms ?
higher still on Fame's bright register
vy burn and sicken at the sight.
s dare (the written page dares truth)
is per precedence of others' deeds,
ges joy to rage, turns feasts to blood.
unt the monarch happy ; life's an hour,
r his pomp, then " dust to dust " winds up
rative of kings and beggars met.
abition for a throne from me and mine
close miser I of life's short date,
ires and pomp of kings would share no part ;
of that by vast eternal claimed.
out the loud huzza at princely birth
il him lord, may execrate that hour,
sh it struck from time. One Cyrus reigns ;
a Herod's wrath or Nero's scourge,
ive ages groan. In maddening rage,
's envied good the mighty cause,
ame of blood the monarch broods ; the price,
ice, a nation's peace, ten thousand lives



Weigh naught, ambition poised against. Sweet peace,
Domestic smiles, to bleeding hearts resign.

A father son or brother must away

In armour girt, and bid his sad adieu,

Deep felt, perhaps the last. A husband goes ; -

His heart-sick spouse holds long embrace ; again

Endearment fond renews, nor can she part,

To her and hers he 's life and soul, he 's all.

He must, yes monarch ! must depart. Once more,

With gushing tears, around his neck she throws

Her trembling arms, and on his bosom hangs.

The hero weeps ; Achilles wept. He must !

And now departs. With measured step and slow

He treads. Her eager eye pursues to catch

The fading glimpse, the last the hill permits.

She lingers, hoping yet one more ; in vain.

She turns and sees her babes ; no comfort sees.

Each hero, husband, father, son impressed

Leaves score of bleeding hearts ; his country bleeds,

Save those who sit in power and reap the spoil ;

They smile, and Nero danced at burning Rome.

The marshalled columns, armed with implements

For work of death, the signal wait. Announced ;

The thundering charge sweeps life, and strews the
plain

With mangled heaps. The sword, the trampling
steed

Complete the work. To force or stratagem
The victory yields. Triumphant banners wave.
The conflict's deathful rage is hushed ; come view
The battle field. But now all health, all life,
All vigour, lived the love of thousand wives,
The sister's joy, the infant's stay. Where now ?
Make search. Here raged the fiercest fight,
And valour, braved by valour, deadly wrought,
As when with Hector's arm Peleides warred.
Here mid the mangled heaps the husband lies,
Who felt the steel hard by his heart, and sunk
With this soft prayer, Be husband thou, blest God,
And Father of my orphaned house ! Near lies
The widow's son, an only son, reared up
With pious love, her own, her daughter's hope,
Protector in this ruffian world. High swelled
The tide of blood where warriors met ; high swells
At home the tide of grief ; the nation mourns,
As Egypt struck with angel arm, sore loss.

Of streaming tears and blood by battles urged,
Vain glorious battles, who must pay the price ?
Good Abel's blood, in strong and silent cry,
Just vengeance claimed ; the widow's tears, the blood
Of heroes spilt in war, ambitious war,
Will reach the skies, and fall, in wrathful floods
Of righteous ire, on guilty heads, that basked
In splendid ease and bade this work of death.

By men not judging right, how envied oft
The princely birth in sumptuous palaces,
Compared with cottage infant, born afar
From power and wealth. Which is the chosen spot,
Where peace has natal soil, and springs and grows
Like fragrant fruits in Hayti's verdant clime,
Secure from chilling cold and blighting frost?
Nay, wisdom louder calls for songs and joy
At birth of him, whose state is distant far
From power and glittering wealth still grasping more,
Not curing, but augmenting wants and pains.
Then happy he ! not prince or slave ; not heir
To wealth or want, but in the golden mean.

Why born the babe so helpless and unskilled
To make provision and protect himself ?
At shallow view, this seems conclusive proof,
His nature's mean, nor can to worth advance
By fostering care. From present spectacle
Or hasty glance, let none thus rudely judge.
Above irrational, men formed to rise,
To live a social life, and helpers joined,
In mutual wants to feel each other's aid,
Were made dependant each on others' care.
Imbecile babes defence in weakness find,
For pity this and tenderness attracts,
Of purpose stern disarms the cruel heart,
And binds in cords of love the soul of all,

By force persuasive, soft, invincible.
Its growing strength the infant slow attains,
That reason's innate bud may long be fanned,
By balmy breath of those, who know their charge,
And spring, in healthy growth, from stage to stage,
Till full in bloom the fragrant flower unfolds.
How wise the scheme ! to make man's childhood weak
That while he counsel needs, his strength of nerve
The good may not repel, designed for him ;
And as to force the mortal slow attains,
Th' immortal may a fixed control have gained,
When duty bids him fill the manly sphere.
Thus man, by slow advance, progressive grows,
That he may learn to act the part of man,
Ere strength untaught can restiff thwart the scheme.
In insect tribes or finny race, in beast
Or bird, slow growth would be mere waste of life.
Of these none live to learn ; by instinct taught
The scanty lessons, which suffice for them ;
For moral acts not made, their strength attained,
They've reached the noblest end for which they live.
Instinct in brutes is narrow in its range,
And circumscribed by wants of life alone ;
Nor more it ever learns, it can't be taught.
To earth they're prone in bending form and mind,
(If mind that may be called which reasons not,)
Nor can you raise from things of sense their thought,

And teach them skill to frame their lives by law,
Or search for Him who formed, and who sustains.
Not thus is man ; to brutes by instinct chained,
By reason linked in union with the skies,
Not fettered down to live alone for earth,
Or find, in fleshly appetite, his all,
But blessed with thought and reason's God-like
power,

He seeks to scan what may of teeming cause
And wide effect be known ; of modes and laws
Which govern spirits, systems, atoms, worlds.
A higher sphere than highest visible
Man's active thought is adequate to range ;
Rich nature's work, the small, the great attained,
(The wondrous whole lies in its final grasp,)
Not bounded here, ascending still it flies
In search of God to meet its full employ.
But He, the great I AM, more sought more known,
Is unknown still, is infinite, is God,
And higher far than finite's highest soar,
Full understood by infinite alone.
To know in part will be the sum, the joy,
Of man's eternal work ; all being else,
All knowledge, deep and high familiar grown.
Capacity so vast, progressive still,
Proclaims the soul create for deathless life,

And challenges respect for infant form,
In which, unseen, this germ immortal lies.

Unmeasured space, eternal void, ere time's
Successive change began, was theatre
On which a God could work, and none but God.
At his creative call, through this immense
Were launched innumerable globes, for harmony
On each dependant and for steady course.
Each star a sun, invisible or seen,
Is centre set for swift revolvent worlds
And tending satellites, with blazing orbs
Of comets in eccentric flight, all tied
By gravity (mysterious, unknown force)
Compose a system in itself complete.
System to system joined, together linked,
Perchance by comets in their distant tour,
One common centre know, affixed by God,
To check their random moves and show the whole
In ceaseless change, of rule observant still,
To myriad hosts around their widest range.
Should I conjecture where is fixed this point,
From which direct, unmixed with retrograde,
Are seen the burning spheres still rolling on,
I'd doubtless say, it is that blissful spot,
Where more than all (though surely some in all)
Jehovah's glory shines for men redeemed
And seraphim to see and to adore.

To space, immense receptacle of worlds,
How like the mind of man ; 't was that embraced
Creation's countless orbs, revolving tracts
Well nigh confounding calculation's skill ;
And this contains the whole, in image wrought,
Exact epitome of what exists.
At human souls we stand in just amaze ;
They can all less than God discern, retain,
Intelligence their nature, action rest,
They feel no pause. From point to point they fly,
Like busy merchant, gain his only god,
He counts not that possessed, but grasps at more.
Their purpose not the same, they onward urge,
For holy use, in quest of that unknown.

But stay my fancy, man is not thy theme ;
The infant claims the dirge for it begun.
The strain forbids rebuke, employed to tell
How high the point to which the babe can rise ;
The babe, whose faculties lie deep concealed,
Nor give they sign of vast, unmeasured worth,
But viewed in man ; in bold exertion seen.
The babe is man in humble miniature,
When scanned aright ; the oak, the forest's pride,
Of towering growth, with sturdy arms outspread,
Has reared its mighty strength from flexile germ,
Bending beneath the insect's wing ; its kind
Unknown, save by similitude of leaf.

The infant germ of human kind demands
The nurturing hand of care, by day, by night.
Momentous charge, O parent, to thy trust
Stands now committed ; noblest work on earth
For present wants, for hope of future good ;
The mortal for protection, food and dress ;
The god-like part, unnoticed yet, for fare
Unearthly, rich and pure as angel's taste.
Sacred deposit ! God has bid thee train
These little ones to fill his glorious realms,
To be, to live, as live the cherubim.

This trust and how fulfilled ? By ceaseless care
To teach them God and duty, from his law ;
To mark their path in pure example drawn,
And all by daily, fervent suit enforced.
The holy legate stands, surpassing thought
In high responsible, to watch for souls :
For God he ministers, he comes to man
To warn, reprove, and urge from pending wrath ;
Not less (more circumscribed in sphere) is trust
Of parent o'er his child ; for murdered souls
Find not their blood all in the watchman's skirt,
Who faithless warned or slumbered at his post.
But can it be ? Will sires malignant prove,
Or mothers monsters be, and murder theirs ?
Deserves it other name ? They teach a soul
That must, while God exists, coeval be,

To live for earth, for self, nor God regard.
Guardian ordained of God, each parent stands,
Of deathless souls. He trains for endless date,
Undying pain or bliss unspeakable.
With deep solicitude, how swells the heart
At thought of task so high! its import vast,
Unseen, unknown, but in eternal wrath,
In everlasting joy; a ransomed soul
Or spirit damned. Who feels the claim, o'erwhelmed
Would render back untouched the charge, and seek,
From this high stewardship, release. Release,
Thus sought, impossible; one yet remains,
The trust must be discharged. Thy God enjoins,
Thy covenant God will grant thee grace; and give,
As hadst thou wrought the whole, the full reward.

Oft wondrous narratives at births go round,
And future destinies are seen exact,
If fortune smile or frown in wealth or want.
Old ladies' eyes well glassed the future see,
The past unknown, their study brooks it not,
For this may all attain, but that the few.
The phase of moon, the varied planets' sphere,
Prognostic mew of cats, and howl of dogs
Prophetic, testify what waits the babe.
In these, well-structured eyes the chart discern,
Of life's eventful course. Wise fortune-dames,
In stars fair record spy of future change,

Or in thy furrowed hand read all thy fate;
But, sweetest babe, if from old ladies' grasp
Thou 'scape unhurt, and live to read this page,
Despise their magic tricks ; and know, nor moon,
Nor constellation, beast or bird, or line
Disclose or vary, hinder or produce
The hair's unnoted fall, or least event
That checkers life. Thy destiny's thy choice,
By choice of vice, or virtue's upward road ;
To jeopard thy own weal no force compels.

As most resembling man, yet innocent,
The shepherd's life, rich theme of poets' song,
Deserves encomium, sullied least with crime,
In simple virtues passed compared with cits,
Who, nature vanquished, strut the work of art,
Cheat the wise world and varnish guilt with smiles.
Some godly shepherds, seed of Abraham,
Were keeping flocks amid the grazing grounds
Near humble Bethlehem. 'T was night ; reposed
Was nature ; hushed each songster's cheerful note.
And now with wakeful eye, should aught the flock
Invade, the shepherds, on their easy couch
(Such luxury splendid vice can never buy)
Of matted grass, or in their lowly cots,
Sought balmy rest. But ere oblivious sleep
Had drowned their sense, a lustrous vision shone,
Richer than noontide sun, resplendent more,

Prerogative and sign of His approach,
Who shone on Moses' face, and in the bush
Was lucid flame ; who, mid the wilderness,
His chosen by the burning symbol led.
Impendent o'er their head the radiance stood,
And all around bright glory blazed, such seen
In heaven. As Amram's son saw Sinai wrapt
In emblems of a God and felt strange fear,
So feared the shepherds ; well imperfect may
When God appears, nor has revealed for what,
For work of mercy or with vengeance come.
Suspense is broke ; the heavenly messenger
Proclaims his errand : " Pious swains, I bear,
Commisioned from the skies, no vengeful ire,
Nor charge of angry God, but mercy's voice ;
Glad tidings of great joy the earth abroad,
To you the holy seed, to Gentile lands,
This day is born, in neighbouring Bethlehem,
Messiah promised, who is Christ the Lord."
This message, best e'er borne to man, pronounced
Of kindred seraphs, suddenly with him
A multitude, in soft, symphonious note
Adoring, as they chant before the throne,
And God well pleased accepts the hymn, sang prai
" All glory possible to God on high !
Redeeming love transcends creative might :
This spake, the world uprose, but that to save

Devotes to humble birth, to penal death
An only Son. Man waged eventful war,
With devils leagued, against his God ; with them
To feel, in quenchless fire, unpitied pain,
Was just ; but peace instead to rebel earth
The Lord ordains, to guilty men good-will.
Of kindred hosts above, the golden harps
On other themes are hushed, to this devote
Attuned to chant their loudest, sweetest hymn
On this all joyous day, this day of wonder,
Marked in the universe unparalleled,
Evolving sight unseen before, which God
Can ne'er repeat ; his equal, only Son
Incarnate, born to die to save his foes.
In higher than the high cherubic strains
Let earth adore, for man the blessing comes."
This anthem sung, they plumed their wings of light,
And swift returned as thought to join the choirs,
That praised in heaven. The shepherds joyed to find
Their errand love, made haste to seek the babe.

Who Cyrus named, from age to age, ere yet
His birth, and marked his route through brazen bars
To conquest, ransom of the captive race ;
Now bows great Cæsar's will to execute
The high decree, long writ, " In Bethlehem
Messiah must be born." The emperor
(God's purposes involved, unsought by him)

Commands a general poll. To Bethlehem
The mandate brings a pressing multitude,
That gorge the flowing inns, nor leave they room
For her, for him, for whom they're ordered here ;
Nor friend can Mary claim, to give the boon
Of needed charity. She seeks the stall
Where oxen feed. Than man more human, these
Give place for birth of Him, Creator owned
Of worlds, and this undone now come to save.
The babe, enwrapped in swathing bands, where laid
No downy bed, equipped for royal born,
Is here ; no pillow soothes nor cradle rocks
To easy rest his tender head ; harsh straw,
A manger, all that he can claim, who claims
The universe, supreme, unrivalled King.
The shepherds find him thus ; in wonder gaze,
And worship David's son and David's Lord ;
Then journey grateful home, and as they go
Promulge the news angelic brought, and tell
The wonders heard, the wonders seen. A few
The tidings hail, and spread the rapturous joy
From heart to heart ; then to the rumoured spot
Hie off to see the babe, prophetic marked.


Now come the legal time, the happy pair
Their blessed trust to Zion's mount convey
To dedicate. There stood, in attitude
Of hope, a reverend sage, in sacred lore

Deep-taught. Expectancy, prophetic wrought,
Detained the seer; as pilgrim, homeward bound,
Benighted, waits alert the dawning morn,
So waited he; nor "died without the sight." ;
He saw, prophetic knew, and eager clasped
The babe, now Israel's hope, and Israel's curse.
Then praising God, he said, "I go in peace,
The Christ mine eyes behold, the Saviour come;
To Judah glory; light to Gentile lands."
While Simeon spake, lo! Anna, bowed with years,
Came in, the altar's daily visitant.
She saw, confessed her Lord, and joined the praise,
Devout and thankful. Ardent with the glow,
That warms the heart of youth, she spreads the news
The glorious news, "The great Redeemer's come."

In Saba or in Persia's clime, where stood
Fair Eden lost by sin, and o'er the spot
Perchance, where darkness threw on primal bliss
Its cloud, a star appeared unlike the host
That nightly stud the firmament, in light
Or motion, signal hence of strange event.
What stranger can? a God incarnate born!
Strange, not impossible, if God as God
Can work; impossible, if bounded He
Must work as man. The holy oracles,
Revealed to Judah, pointed to the spot
Unerring, chosen for Messiah's birth.

Not other sign than that by prophets set
(The time, the place, the character foretold)
Did Israel need ; this sure, infallible
To mark the child above the sons of men.
But heathen tribes untaught, for their Supreme
And for intelligence, had scanned the stars ;
For these, to mark the better light now dawned,
A burning flame lights up in pagan lands,
The sign of God. The signal hung, "Lo ! now,"
Exclaimed some wise, "Lo ! now Th' expected :
come.

Wide rumour gave us hope, (this rumour sprang
From intercourse with Jews dispersed ; dispersed
For this perchance mid other cause,) that one
Than man more high, a mighty conqueror,
Would come to bless the earth, the world restore."
The rumour spread, its origin confessed
In books prophetic penned on Zion's mount.
This learned, the wise to Zion's mount resolve.
Than weeks not less can compass this grand tour ;
To them, in seeming toil, the prize so vast,
A pleasant evening's walk. Ne'er journeyed one
On errand wiser ; peace 'twixt man and God
Their object ; pearls he seeks who seeks this peace,
'T is rich, all else is trash. Frankincense, gold
And myrrh, the best terrene (such presents kings
To kings remit) they bring. The song of hope



Had cheered the distant way. To Zion come
Elated ; sad reverse, despondency
Strikes on their soul ; reverse, as that deep felt
By Eve, she plucked and thought divinity
Couched in the fruit inhibited ; she ate
And found it death ; they ask, but ask in vain,
Where is th' incarnate King ? Their journey seemed
And toil for naught ; till Herod, at the name
Of rival king aroused, calls priest and scribe
And learns, this honour Ephrath claims,
And so instructs the wise, for murder he ;
Omnipotence, who turns man's wrath to praise
And bids the residue abate, fulfils
His purpose. Hope thus newed, new lessons sought
From ancient rolls, their lucid guide gives call,
(Not welcome more was mercy's call, first heard
On Eden's sinning ear) and ærial flies.
Its path they raptured trace, till steadfast poised
In pointing attitude, its lustre blazed
High o'er the humble roof where Jesus lay.

The Reverend strangers joyed, as joys the soul
Sin-sick assured of pardon, when they saw
The signal point. With eager step they haste,
And find in humble state Immanuel,
To whom as justly due, all made by him,
They tender royal gifts, in Asia's name,
Allegiance bearing to the Prince of peace,

His kingdom hailing. More he claims and more
Receives ; that tribute due to God, they bow
And pay ; in him essential Godhead dwells.

Ye strangers hail ! to David's city come,
In quest of light and life. Hail happy land !
Thou privileged to see man innocent ;
Thou cursed, at early date, to feel his curse !
Fast throne of idols, lost to generous fame ;
In thee the first shall dawn celestial light,
In thee its mid-day glories radiant shine,
Directing man to hope, to heaven, to God.
The flame shall burn, from heart to heart shall burn
Till thousand thousand souls, hell-doomed by sin,
By grace ascend the skies. Once more shall vice
Usurp the throne ; usurp, not endless hold ;
Ten times ten thousand weeks, their circles run,
Will bring thee joy, salvation in the Christ.
Then Siam and Malay, the Birman too,
Famed Hindus, and the Isles shall know his love.
O'er Ishmael's warring sons, on Cyrus' throne,
In Tibet he shall reign, and Tartars bless
The cross. The art divine of holy life
Shall China learn ; Siberia's wide domain
Shall feel the Christian glow, that warms the soul
And makes the shivering frame forget the cold,
That chills the year and binds the fettered earth.
For you shall this and more be wrought by him,

Acknowledged king by magi of the East.
From Tangier to the Cape, the Gospel news
Shall run, mid Afric's sable hordes, and raise
To dignity her long lost sons, to God.
To Europe's utmost verge this grace shall spread,
And bless, in all its wide extent, the land
Columbus found, and gave to thankless courts.

The honours paid by chanting seraphim,
And pious gratitude at Jesus' birth,
Surmount the dazzling pomp, the loud huzzas
By vassals heaped on royal born. No pomp,
No earth-born pageant marked the spot, where lay
Godhead obscured, deep-veiled by act of choice;
But heaven smiled, and angels shouted praise.

The opening scene, in ample type, foretels
The future. Flight from Herod's sword redeems
His infant life, to be the scorn of men,
For whom he lived. To glance a moment's thought
To tortured innocence, atoning love,
Will well repay the soul her time, her sighs.

The hour eternal set, with suffering charged,
Is near. Concentred in that point, he sees
The guilt of men, the penal stroke, which they
Or he must bear, or mercy sleep unknown,
Unexercised. No common stroke impends,
Since vindicate it must, to endless worlds,
Eternal goodness, truth and justice joined ;

Must show his laws unchanging as his throne,
Make sin more guilty seem, while pardon flows.
But shall he shrink and fly the painful hour,
Eternal courted ; shrink, and blast man's hope,
And own, for rebel, mercy is impossible ;
Not in the plan, but one to execute ?
Not my will, thine, O Father, be the law,
Is his submissive plea to utmost pain.
His soul is pressed with sorrow's whelming flood
Anticipate. In agony he lies,
While drops of grief on his marred visage stand.
Oft, in Gethsemen's walk, he met his God
In heavenly intercourse, and all was love ;
But now the Father comes, in frowns arrayed,
Put on for rebel man. The awful thought
Wears out his strength ; to brace his sinking frame
To meet augmented woes, an angel comes.

Iscaiot, that saw his miracles
And works of love, late numbered with his few,
Approached the known retreat in silent shades,
With ruffians armed, who sell the soul for pelf,
And marked his prey with friendship's pledge guilt-
stained.

The victim rudely seized, they bind in cords ;
His errand down to break man's chain, sin-wrought,
And set him free. To Caiaphas, glad they bear
Their long-sought prize, where waited elders, priests

And scribes of law, maturing wicked plots.
Now lodged in their rude grasp, such joy is theirs
As monarch knows when rival monarch falls ;
Or that which Satan felt, when by his wiles
Unwary man seduced, offended God,
And heaven lost for him and all his race.


The trial set, Satanic malice, clothed
In sacerdotal robe, makes out the charge
'Gainst innocence, snuborns foul evidence,
Obsequious to their will. With majesty,
He claims prerogative to judge the world,
Though now their captive bound, and bids them mark,
They'd see him throned and come, through burning
skies

With countless retinue, to set man's doom.
For this said they, nor need we further proof,
He ought to die, and thus their sentence ran.

No sleep the balmy night to Jesus brings,
The rabble mock, insult, and smite amain,
In cruel sport ; nor sleep the priest and scribe,
Joy exquisite forbids their wonted rest ;
The thrill that savage feels, when to the stake
He sees his victim bound, and feasts his soul
On songs and dance, regaled with antepast
Of pains and death of his expiring foe.
To Pilate's hall, at early morn, they hie
Their fettered prize, and there for sentence sat

The Judge of worlds. Case so responsible
Nor ever was, nor can again, when man
Sits judge on life divine. To damn is guilt
Unparalleled ; 't is death of all our race,
'T is mercy's grave, if innocence die not.
Pilate condemns incarnate God, and next
Condemns himself, and calls the watery bath
To wash the crimson stain of guiltless death ;
The stain, which naught could cleanse, but blood
demned.

Condemned, yet speedy death was boon too
For God's coequal Son to hope from man.
With platted thorns, derisive substitute
For radiant gems, the crown divine, his due,
His royal head they deck. The hard-wrought sco
Unpitiful, deep ploughs his bleeding flesh,
Their wrath insatiate still, with malice fresh
Sore rankling at the heart, they seek a change
From pain to pain. To Calvary next his step
They urge, as malefactor laden hard
With his own cross, to bear our sin, our hope.
His hands, his feet transfixed ; the wood upreare
Sustains the victim, set in view of worlds,
That holy and unholy may behold
This new, this strange event, transgressors saved
The law its honours reap ; and justice join
With new-born mercy. Thousands mock his pa



In silent gaze, desponding friendship stands,
While cruel foes insult unpitied pain.
Thick darkness shrouds the scene; their mirth
Is checked. They dread the signal; conscience
speaks

It sign of vengeance, rushing instant down,
To plead for him, in their atoning blood.
Amid vindictive tokens scoffs are mute.
In sorrow stand the quaking multitude;
In selfish sorrow, for their crime alarmed.
Th' unshrouded sun beams forth; their fears abate;
And malice works anew. Such penitents
Are daily seen; in dread of death, they weep,
They pray; when snatched from threatening graves
they laugh,

Mere skeletons, at death, shake off their dread
And live more vile; so short is fear's control.

At awful point now stands man's substitute;
Earth's hope; hell's terror; heaven's high bliss in-
volved.

Such point, the first eternal age had seen,
The last it will, when holiness is charged
With guilt in God's account, and willing meets
Alone the utmost charge. His mangled flesh,
Of man's relentless heart gives proof. Foul hosts
Desert the burning lake (for God permits)
To try him at their will. The mid-day orb

Recalls his cheering beam, nor pitying gives
Of light the little solace to his God.
What pains, or shrouded sun, or shrinking friends
Or men malign, or spirits foul, impose,
Are comforts deemed, if named with justice' stroke
Almighty laid on one as strong to bear.
Then felt his soul, the soul of agony,
For guilt of man eternal ransom set.
Around him scorn ; above, the penal curse
Of Gpd ; encompassed thus, release but one
Comported with his love to man ; though more
To his omnipotence stood possible,
And easy to perform, if such his will.
But covenant truth and love disarmed his might,
And chose, by death, to terminate his pain ;
Since knowing well the fixed alternative,
" Die man or justice must, unless for him
Some other able and as willing pay
The rigid satisfaction, death for death."*
Enough is paid ; enough to magnify,
And ample honour bring on laws divine,
By rebels broke ; to show us God in peace,
All just, yet merciful to guilty man.
" 'Tis finished ;" man's redemption wrought ; the
last

* Milton.

Prophetic word fulfilled, he yields of choice
His life our ransom.

Scoffer ! here's my hope ;
Where thine ? On Jesus' cross my hope, my sin '
Are borne. Where thine ? Canst tell in all God's
work

Or providence, if mercy dwell in God ?
What evidence ? Where seen ? In his wide works
Unsinning, mercy has no place ; her place
Is found forgiving woes, that justice strikes.
Say then, on thy wise scheme, if mercy can
With justice dwell. Full recompense of pain
Strict justice claims ; if all be laid, no claim
Remains unsatisfied, the sufferer 's free ;
Free, not of mercy but of right ; if part
Remitted stand, say, is it just ? Now tell
What school or book has taught thee this strange
word,

Sweet mercy ? Taught by pains and woes and death
Of all our race, hast learned that God is merciful ?
Strange logic ! proof reverse of that we teach
Our pupils ; like effect has cause alike.
Thy logic proves that pain is evidence
Of pain forgiven. Now if thy logic 's true,
Eternal pain is proof eternal shown
Of mercy. Naught but pain makes up the sum
Of man's short narrative ; if mercy hence

Can be inferred, it may with surer step
Be sought in hell. On Calvary inscribed,
Deep and indelible, by th' eternal hand,
Thou 'st seen the wondrous word, and caught it there
To flatter pride, and fight the Gospel scheme.
Poor rebel ! canst presume to say, whom God
May justly punish, He will e'er forgive ?
None can assert it possible, none dare,
But God ; the Saviour God, and God the Just.

T H E I N F A N T .

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B O O K I I .

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Parental anxiety—Fancy—Imagination—Anticipation—
Moses in the ark—His mother's address—A child devoted to
God in baptism—Duty of instructing—The infant-school—
The babe asleep—The mother watches—The unfaithful
nurse—The faithful—The babe learning to walk—Celebs—
Babe learning to talk—Early discipline important—The
temper—Father's darling and mother's pet--The reverse—
Important truths how taught early—The character formed
by mothers—Brighter day dawning on females—The author's
mother—The babe in Christian and in pagan lands—Right
training—The reverse—Sad effects—The dying youth—
Children's plays—The country school—Sabbath school—
Original desires—Should be carefully directed.

THE INFANT.

BOOK II.

THE LIFE.

THE Infant's life, mid thousand ills, has dawned,
And dangers hovering thick, that watchful stand
To snatch it hence, and blight the parents' hope.
To perils ward and rear the helpless charge,
Nor sacrifice they waive, nor vigilance.
The toils and cares, that strangers deem too hard
For their encounter, are to parents light,
Such love they feel in all they do for those,
Born of their blood. The babe is sick ; they dread
The pending stroke that may extinguish life ;
And when in health, a thousand fancied ills
They fear, which jar the cords that twine the heart ;
The real and unreal both can wound.
Parental love of babes, mysterious seems,
Surpassing strange and inconceivable,
To those unscinded in its mighty force.

Prolific fancy, child of heavenly birth,
Swift minister of joy, oftentimes she flies
Erratic from her sphere, turns foe of man
And multiplies his griefs. This faculty
Makes man creator of delightful scenes.
Heroic deeds, at will, she summons up,
And worlds from naught, in garnished forms,
Or great or small to feast the soul. She adds,
Diminishes, combines, and so adjusts
The attributes she gives, as to educe
Still something new for man's delight. Her power
Nor end nor limit knows, o'erleaping far
The bounds of possible, creates alike
What can and what cannot exist. A sphere
Imagination fills more circumscribed,
But not unlike. She too creates for man
Whate'er she will ; but uses what exists
In all her work, and brings far distant scenes
Or past or future, present to his view,
That for the time they seem transacting now,
And thus he feels as mid realities.
These volant sisters range, on wings of thought,
Through voids and worlds, collecting sweets for hi
Who bade them fly, and lest they cloy, they chan
The feast, when will, their arbitress supreme
Ordains. Their guide is reason's law, nor they
Are privileged, in random route to bring


On man a world of wo, which, but for them,
Ne'er would exist or could. By sober sense
Unreined, they 're bane of earthly peace.
Around the babe excursive fancy roams,
And charged with thousand horrors hastes return,
And pours her venom in the parents' soul.
Not always rueful thus ; sometimes she smiles,
Then homeward bound, on gilded wing, elates
Parental hope, as Noah's dove arrived
With olive branch (the emblem hence of peace)
Announcing floods retired, the hills emerged.
Such change we see when lowering summer cloud,
Well nigh eclipsing day, has poured amain,
Upon the beaten lands, its gushing streams ;
Then on its flying skirt, from north to south,
The covenant arch, in vivid hues, is stretched,
And cheers the world.

Anticipation too

A double agency achieves for man.
This attribute, with eye prophetic, bends
Her busy thought, o'erleaping present things,
To search for that, which dark futurity
Deep veils from mortal sight. Not rarely she,
In random flight, surveys life's onward path,
And tidings bears of changes horrible,
And dreaded more than early sepulchre.
When wayward thus ; to hearts too credulous

She makes her dark report, of rueful scenes
And ills that wait their babe. When reason guides,
Anticipation stands true friend of man,
Suggesting schemes, that may a threatening ill
Avert or mitigate. This prompts his care
To make provision for the distant time ;
And hence the safety and supply of wants
Of those that cannot reason, and of those
That do. This high prerogative of man,
Best substitute for prescience more sure,
Preserves his kind, and qualifies, while yet
Of tender age, the infant band, for spheres
In which they may, upreared to manhood, move.

Maternal fondness and solicitude,
We see portrayed by Amram's spouse, for him
She bore obnoxious to the stern decree
Of Egypt's graceless king. Elude the search
Of Pharaoh's spies and save her child at home,
She could not this ; to yield him prey to death
Was more than mother's heart could bear unbroke.
Alternative of wo ! on either side
Is death ! and prospect none to save her child !
But female souls (creation's crowning work ;
Life's soothing balm) at hand expedients find,
Abundant to succeed their ardent schemes,
When e'en their counterpart, of boasted strength,
Are nerveless by despair. A reedy ark,



The mother's trembling hand, in anxious hope
And boding fear, had curious wrought at home
To screen her babe. Within the infant closed,
(Ne'er casket held rare jewel prized so high)
She gently laid it in a chosen spot,
And thus addressed ; Within thy mother's hut,
Where guardianship thou shouldst expect, thou must
No safety hope ; for Egypt's lord, who holds
In bondage Israel's tribes, ordains it so.
Forgetting Jacob's son, through Chemi famed,
Who saved the royal house and all this land
From famine's grasp, this prince now dooms to death
His benefactor's race of male descent.
I see the sword, unsheathed for infant blood,
Insatiate yet ; it comes in quest of thine.
I bear thee from its certain stroke, to thee
Insured by royal order, and to me,
Death in thy death. I place thee in the flags,
Where palace dames, along the river's brink
Beneath the shade, are wont to walk, and bathe
In Nile's pellucid stream. Perhaps some eye,
Directed to this spot, by curious glance,
Or pointing Providence, may spy thee here
And feel commiseration. But if death
Await thee still (which God avert) I've done
What mother could. I'll leave concealed, not far,
Thy sister Miriam to wait events ;

As for thy mother, stay she must not here,
Lest shrewd suspicion seize their mind, and thou,
Because of her, to instant death be doomed.
May Israel's God, who Joseph saved from wiles
And threatening death, and raised him eminent
To shield our famished house, protect thee too,
Preserve thee safe from Pharaoh's grasp, and brace
Thine arm with strength to break our chain, and hence
Conduct us where our fathers dwelt. Farewell!
Farewell! perhaps the last, my son! Nor more
Did heaving sighs and flowing tears permit.
She turned and trod the path that homeward led,
With anguished heart, and slow and pensive step
Her gait and mien resembled hers, bereft
Of only child, returning from the grave,
When obsequies are o'er; with solemn step
She moves, and backward oft, with hopeless eye,
She glances on the spot, where lies her all.

The babe, immortal trust, must be to God
Devote in sacramental ordinance,
Enjoined as tie to bind it to his church,
For discipline and pious nurture here,
To be transplanted midst triumphant hosts.
Occasion timely seized, the pious pair,
Amid the house of God, present their child,
That he, commissioned to dispense the rites
Appointed there, baptismal water may

Apply, of pardoning blood significant
And cleansing grace, the covenant seal divine
To faith affixed ; and thus announce the babe
A learner in the school of Christ. But ah !
How few the solemn rite regard, its claims
Its weight, its hopes, its binding force. To God
Devote in hallowed bond, the infant thus
To holiness is pledged. The parents give,
And by the gift confess, that duty bids
From counter ways restrain their deathless charge,
And point them those divinely marked. For this,
Before assembled saints, their solemn vows
Are at the altar laid ; nor there alone
Recorded stand, but registered on high,
Where angels read, to meet the faithful few
Enhancing joy ; and be to multitudes
The sealing witness of their murderous guilt.
The church confederate to be helpers all
Of each, into her guardianship admits
The infant trust, and stands responsible
To God, that they be taught the Christian faith
And laws divine. She's bound to deal advice,
Reproof and censure too, as reason dawns
And conduct of her minors may demand.
The church must anxious guard those registered
In membership, by seal divinely set,
Reprove their vicious course, and onward urge


In virtue's way, as he that tends his plants,
Directing all their growth, and pruning boughs
That useless spring or prove unsound, lest they
Impede their thrift and blast th' expected fruit.
Is this, and nothing less, the weighty debt
Confessed to infants, when with membership
They 're privileged? and only thus discharged?
Where then is found the faithful church, that stands
Exculpate from the charge of gross neglect?
In devious paths they roam self-willed, who should
The churches' care partake, in vigilance,
In counsel and rebuke. The God who gave
To mortal hands th' immortal trust, and marks
The foul abuse, will solemn reckoning make,
For sport with souls, that well might angels grieve
A guilty sport, that makes e'en hell rejoice.

Disciple them and teach, are duties joined
In one commission, stamped with seal divine;
And dare presumptuous man disjoin the bond;
Disciples make, and no tuition give?
And will the church, in slumber locked, refuse
To wake, to use the means ordained,
By which the Spirit works to fill her ranks
With heaven-born souls, and Christianize the world
In nature, means and end are closely linked,
Nor these we sunder and still hope success;
In grace, the sanctioned means ensure the end,

Cause and effect conjoined by will divine ;
Yet man dissolves the tie and boldly hopes
The end, discarding means. And this his plea,
"A sovereign God will work, when so he wills ;"
A plea t' excuse his guilty negligence,
Or urged in sad mistake of duty's claim.
From infant tongues hosannahs shall resound,
And great and small shall know and own their God,
Are truths prophetic penned, and sure to faith.
Will means or miracle the work achieve ?
Not miracle, but means efficient made.
The day millennial shall joyous see,
Like drops of morning dew, its holy bands
Of tender age, redeemed by force of truth
Effectual made ; not truth to them unknown,
But truth they 've early learned from teaching lips.
If childhood may, by grace, be then renewed,
What hinders now ? The souls, the means, the grace,
Are now the same. The faith to pray, expect
And means employ, is scarce a duty deemed.
Till precious years, and not a few, are lost
In undisturbed repose in folly's lap,
We hardly count them subjects meet for grace.
Not always thus will Christians think and act ;
They will, they must discern their duty writ
As with the diamond's point, and hark the voice
That bids them nurse the lambs and train for God.

To teach the man to think, and think aright,
Begins at early date. The Infant School,
Propitious helper of parental toil,
Is wisdom's plan to grow young minds, and feed
With aliment adapted to their use ;
To plant high principles of moral worth,
Not soon effaced ; and holy truth impart,
That sanctified, will make them blessings prove
Of richest price ; and blest themselves in God.

Unslumbering care for weeks, ere yet
Her charge discerns a mother's voice, rears up
The babe. In her esteem he now repays,
With blandishments, the mighty debt incurred
By all her toil. Alone the parent heart
Conceives the dear delight, when first the babe
Gives signs that recognize a mothers voice.
The smile significant for other cause,
Is joy ineffable ; it is the dawn
Of lucid reason, and its evidence,
Evincing intellect, though feeble yet.
A Cowper's graphic pen could sketch the hare ;
Could tell her frisky and her friendly airs,
And teach the world his love to her, not blest
With mind ; more aptly far, must every look
And smile and gesture of the babe, that marks
Him rational, in them a transport raise,
Who gave him birth, and who can call him child.




Let those, that live in unblest solitude,
Lavish their love on hares and cats and dogs;
The parent's love has object more sublime,
In nature one with him; soul of his soul.

The babe has drunk his fill at nature's fount,
And sudden yields to sweet repose; for now
He wants no more; nor yet have troublous cares
Admittance gained, within his peaceful breast,
To banish sleep. To him it comes unsought,
Nor flees affrighted as from pillows where
The monarch restless lies, and where are stretched
The miser's sordid limbs; or from the tribes
Of guilty men, whose conscience does not sleep,
Nor, vanquished yet, permits repose to them.
The cradle softly spread, its charge receives,
And seated watchful by the mother guards;
Nor idle sits; in works for household use
Her hands employed, the mind, in thought engrossed,
Is now in grateful trust to God upraised;
And then in meditation, scans his works,
Or dwells delighted on his word; her eye,
Nor that forgets the slumbering babe. Her thought,
At sight of him, with downy ease thus blest
And friendly home, flies swift to Bethlehem,
Where in a manger, lay the heavenly babe.
To notes of sympathy the humble scene
Attunes her heart, with mingled gratitude;

And thus devout she sings; "How lowly lies
The Prince of peace, the God enshrined in clay!
Cherubic guards, that waited round his throne,
Transcendent raised, in god-like majesty,
Revering stood, on wings ethereal poised,
Expecting his commands (nor each appeared
To mortal less than God, when to this world
Their mission led of mercy or of wrath,
As he to Patmos sent) their splendours veil;
For so his will, who took a servant's form
To make us sons of God. What comforts crowd
Thy state, my babe, denied the Lord of all!
When thou canst know and feel sweet friendship's
bond,

I'll teach thee what to Jesus, first and best
Of friends thou owest. He made and he redeems,
By humble birth and paschal death, the souls
That trust his grace. He bears our sins and griefs,
Gives life and bliss divine for death and hell.
Advance, on swifter wing, the happy day,
When thou, my child, this truth shalt understand,
And give thy mother joy to tell thee more,
To tell thee all that Jesus did, and warm,
With love for such a friend, thy infant heart.

Unapt for tenderness by mothers felt,
Is heart of drowsy nurse. She takes her charge,
And to her prison bears, what seems to her




A cumbrous load. She schemes amusements there,
To infant minds adapt, of varied straws
And paper moulded into divers shape;
But not for nursling's use, for time on her
Oppressive hangs, she must beguile its March.
Beside the busy nurse, unheeded rolls or creeps
The babe; or, with unsteady step, around
Her knee or chair, he's left to totter on.
Now wearied with her childish pranks, for change
She turns to entertain the elder growth,
If fatal error trust them to her care.
By hideous, false and frightful narrative,
She crowds their mind with torturing fears, that oft,
Through life, abide infixed and permanent.
She gains at early date the wished control,
And shapes them to her plans by rueful work.
The little group intently stand and gaze,
Astonished at her tale; nor dream it false.
Fatigued by doing naught (man's hardest toil
And galling burden, least supportable)
She backward leans her heavy, lounging head,
Or forward bent, supports it by a hand
For prop at either side; and then she snores,
Prepared to wake nor by the infant's fall,
Nor painful cry; but by the dreaded step
Of mistress' foot, efficient more to rouse
Than goads of conscience. Dangers multiplied

By careless hands, would leave but few for growth
Of manly years, unmaimed with fractured limbs
Or marring blemishes; were not a good,
A watchful Providence o'er all his works,
And noted when a hair or sparrow falls.

All are not such; a Christian once I knew,
In nurturing care employed. With tender heart,
And hand still ready to relieve, she watched
The every want and danger of her charge;
Nor could repose, but when with them 't was well.
In all that prospered or afflicted them,
Her soul maternal felt. Her pious care
Was timely to infuse that thought of God,
And form to duty's law their pliant mind.
In will and purpose, Christians all are such,
And when to execute they fail, regret
Succeeds, sincere: the best are fallible.

At each progressive stage new pleasure springs,
Nor that the least, when moves the darling babe
Erect, dependant not on foreign aid.
Unwearied efforts, disappointed oft,
At length succeed, and now he walks alone,
Well pleased to find his skill; nor less the joy
Parental felt, to see his child perform
The little journeys, and reverse the track
In sprightly mood. Maternal hands outstretched,
With playful fingers, beckon and allure




From distant stand the timorous babe, where nurse
Had set him, well confirmed, to try the feat.
With sure poised step and slow progressive pace,
He ventures on, and finds her lap adjust
To stay his downy head ; and meets o'erjoyed
The pressing clasp, the smile and ardent kiss.
These fondling moments bring to parent hearts
Their ample recompense of dear delight,
Though spent in trivials, he the judge, untried
In love to spouse or child. Let Celebs fret
And snarl at others' bliss and paltry name
Such fireside scenes, endeared to wedded hearts,
By thousand springs unseen, unfelt by him.
The roaming savage, woods and wilds his home,
To naught accustomed for his suit but one,
One scanty mite of cloth or untanned pelt ;
And for his dainties, what the hungry dog
Would taste reluctantly, disdains the dress
Adorning civil life, and nauseates
At sight of richest viands prized by us ;
Such is his humble taste, and Celebs' such.
Anomaly of human kind, he stands
Unique in nature's work, a heartless form.
His life survey ; then to his mansion haste,
And scan his store of comforts ; say, would you,
That know the Eden joys of wedded life,

•

For all the wealth famed Cræsus told, contract
To take his place, afar from woman's smile ?

The infant's chattering tongue, in half-formed word
Diffuses joy through all the house ; but most
The parent heart partakes. This gift divine,
Distinctive next to reason's self, unfolds
In pleasing accents new and multiform.
Articulation, man's prerogative,
How wondrous and how complicate ! This art,
So seeming hard, not long detains the babe
To learn enough to tell, in accents sweet,
His joys, his pains and little stock of wants.
On each new effort of his lisping tongue,
The father and the mother joyful hang,
As Athens warmed, or forum of old Rome,
When spoke Demosthenes, or Tully plead ;
Or as attending throngs arrested stood,
In pleasing fetters bound, when animate,
With evangelic theme, a Whitefield preached.
Delightful task ! which, though recurring oft,
Brings not fatigue, to teach the infant voice,
To form in words its dawning sentiment.
How sweet the prattler's half-lisped sentences
At mother's knee ! the words significant
Of what the senses teach, nor linked as yet
In nice conjunctive chain (a work of toil
For riper years) nor launching out to that



Abstractly known. In this he must be taught,
And all the round of signs employed for things.

Important this ; but worthy more the watch,
To rear the tender mind, and teach the art
Of thinking right ; the babe has much to learn ;
To know himself intelligent, born heir
To endless life ; to know what fits him not
Thus made ; what must he flee, in quest of right,
And what pursue ; to know what constitutes
Felicity for man ; or summed the whole,
To know what to his God, to fellow-man,
And to himself is due. The Bible these ;
Then nature's book displays her boundless store,
To feast the sense, and charm the wondering soul.

What is the date, that bids the work begin,
To form the charge submissive to the rules
Of moral worth ? Ere yet the year, that claims
Their birth, has heard its knell, they may be taught
To know a parent's frown or chastening stroke
For aught perverse ; and understand the smile,
Reward of comely acts. As mind expands,
Like vernal buds, evolving faculties
Progressive on, coequal pace with these
Instructive care should hold, nor let them spring
By random growth ; but teach them what of good
Capacity admits, and to the law
Of strict obedience form them pliable.

One lesson must be taught pre-eminent,
Because of highest worth and needed first,
To govern self; that passion may not rule
Whom reason ought to guide. Neglected this,
Perverse and peevish, soon the self-willed child
Becomes the bane of its own peace; and now
Demanding this, and then, with flouting airs,
Rejecting that, is cross severe to all
The feeling, doomed to see; but galling most
To those who 've taught him thus; and who, to gain
E'en transient ease, must wait obsequious
On every whim, and instant give what he
Capricious asks. Instead of antidote
To poison working death, the death of peace,
Of temper calm, serene, the blinded slave
To whom he ought to rule, indulges more
T' enjoy a short reprieve from teasing cries;
And more he may, till he reverse the plan.
The cooling draught, so grateful to the sick,
Repeated oft, inflames the fever more;
And oil, infused in burning flame, not stays
Or quenches, but augments the vivid glow;
Nor by indulgence can be cured the wrong,
The peevish and perverse; it is their life.
Effects thus sad, as from their native fount
Depravity, have flowed, tenfold increased
By parents' kindly aid; yet deeming all
Affection's work; though scorned the toil by her.

With general cast the temper comes impressed
From nature's law ; but more derives its ply
From education good or ill. The tree
Will grow inclined, as shaped the tender plant,
And thus for manly age the temper sets
In pliant years, perverse and obstinate,
The curse of life ; or mild, its solace sweet,
Enhancing joy, soft soother of its pain.
The good when visible, by gentle means
And suasive force, must onward still be urged
To better ; but morose and wayward must
Be close repressed, with steady rein, and curbed
In reason's bound. The gardener's watchful care,
Incessant plied, must root the noxious weeds,
When first they spring amid his beauteous rows
Of generous plants, lest these by those be dwarfed ;
So monstrous growths irregular, that shoot
In infant minds, must meet, at parent's hand,
The prompt restraint, that what should form the man
Of social worth, high dignified, may not
Untimely die, and bloom in life no more.

The father's darling, or the mother's pet,
Fares worst of all ; of full prerogative
Possessed to do what seems him good, and all
He does is right, like kings that cannot err.
Affection, empty name when so applied,

Is lavished on the boy. His wish is law,
Grossly extravagant in reason's scale ;
But right in parents' and must be indulged.
The little master now assumes control,
And holds a sovereign rod o'er all the house,
Himself except. Alert the parent stands
To know and do his will, submissive slave
In ruin's work. On social eve, much prized,
When friends are wont to pass the cheerful hour,
In converse of the soul, they 're doomed to hear,
Instead of rational, th' incessant laugh
Or boisterous cry, the noisy dinging romp,
Or hateful petulance of father's boy,
Or mother's pet. In place the little chief
Must be the first, and sole attention claim ;
And if the right he chance to do, the cause
Is clear, he has mistook and thought it wrong,
Or has been bid the wide reverse ; for thus,
And mainly thus, his fondling parents prove
Their strong control, forbidding that they wish ;
Commanding, when they mean the opposite.
The darling boy thus reared, becomes the man
While at his mother's knee, and doomed through li
A child, when stature calls for manly deeds.

This hopeless has its bright reverse ; reverse
In him subjected young to discipline ;
To parents' law, in will, subordinate,

He learns to do what pleases them, and that
Prohibited seeks not. Of temper mild,
And docile heart, a gentle word restrains
Or quells his thoughtless acts. Submissive he
Can peaceful be denied, nor asks again
For that refused. Contented at his play
In easy mood, his hours he tranquil spends,
Permitting peace around, and gains himself
A rich reward, the noblest, rarest gift
Of terrene growth, th' applause of honest hearts.
In such a child parental souls delight,
And love with purer glow, than those who claim
Exclusive tenderness, and use it all
To damage what they love. Nor let these charge,
When theirs in life are cursed and others blest,
What they have done on laws that nature gave ;
Not she, but they, the contrast have contrived.

Resentment, ah ! to those how early shown,
Who dare affront the child. The rigid law
Of retribution stern he tries, by frowns,
And cries, and angry blows. To teach good-will,
Godlike benevolence, the time is come.
The little nursery band can now be taught
Compassion, justice, truth, in various mode
Impressive, easy, plain. The apple shared,
Or plums, or cake, or unimportant toys,
May well eternal right explain, and show

That one must ne'er demand another's due.
The writhing worm or mangled fly, suggests
A plea to move compassion in the soul
Of infant years, and teach him not to hurt
The humblest grade of life ; but tender feel
To insect, beast and bird, and this transferred
Is that by few possessed, though claimed by all,
Philanthropy. Thus mingled virtues grow
With growing age, and spread their glories round
As years advance ; he lives a paragon,
His work to bless, and blessing his reward.

That in the dawning mind at first infused
Is most securely lodged, nor soon unlearned ;
The image wrought is vivid long, nor can,
Though falsely wrought, be, but with effort rased.
Who teach us in our pliant years, to think,
To speak, to act ? Who give the mind its mould
To temper mild or stern, to heart of love
Or bitter hate, and shape the character,
That rises like the orient dawn, with rays
Resplendent more to perfect day ; or sinks,
By foulest deeds disgraced, beneath reform ?
This work responsible, of price untold,
Devolves on mothers most, most conversant
Among the growing charge, and confidence
Inspiring most, by acts of ceaseless care.
For this momentous trust they 're best adapt,

By native gifts, by quick discerning thought,
By patience, gentleness, and luring modes.
How worthy then of deep regret, that they,
Who rule the world, at life's eventful stage,
Should be incompetent for task so high!
Of nature's splendid work the brightest gem,
Adorned with highest grace, eclipsing all
That's else on earth, is woman. Nature's part
Is done; but little we, of solid charms
Or rational, will deign to superadd,
To fit her for her sphere. At thought of this,
My heart indignant burns at my own sex,
And frankly owns, I blush to be a man.

But thanks to principles divinely taught,
A brighter day is dawning on the fair;
A day, when woman's worth, well understood,
Will gain her rights long lost, nor she again
Be deemed a toy to fill the vacant hour.
The hallowed morn is near, when Mary's toil,
When Phebe's succour, and Priscilla's help,
Apostolic penned, will be occurrences
Not rarely seen; but hosts will emulate
Their holy work to save a dying world.

Like these, though circumscribed in humble
sphere,
I had a mother (sweet, endearing term)
Of softest mien, deep schooled in Christian grace,

And versed in Gospel acts benevolent.
With care assiduous, she early taught
Her sacred charge the truths divinely urged,
Nor left her work devoid of prayer intense,
Or unenforced by holy walk, that spoke
Its import vast, untold. In paradise,
While she, amid the hosts, seraphic sings,
Her early suit brings blessing on her son.
Whiles yet she lived, he grateful felt his debt ;
But now, beyond all thought, it grows.

Before the babe, that 's nursed in Christian lands,
Enchanting prospects smile. In science taught,
And all the arts of life refined, nor this
The half; he knows a God, a coming world
Of bliss proposed, and this secure, unless
By wilful crime foregone. With such compared,
How drear the brightest scene of infant hope,
In heathen tribes. The classic course he 's doomed
To tread, is error, fell revenge, and work
Of savage death ; the future unillumed
By sanctioned hope. Come thou, revealed of God
In Patmos' isle, commissioned to proclaim
Man's only hope, retrench thy long delay,
And with angelic speed, ere millions die,
To darkened climes the holy light dispense,
That emanant from God, is guide to Him.
Break, day of promise, on our drooping world,

That thirsty lands may drink the living streams ;
The deserts bloom as paradise regained ;
And Zion's sons triumphant shout the joy,
While earth, from pole to pole, repeats the song.

The home we 'll visit now, that 's consecrate
To peace and love, where dwells domestic joy,
Nor comes and goes like hasty visiter.
There reason's law, as read in Gospel light,
With weighty sanctions armed, is held supreme
In all the house. By this the parents walk,
And show, exemplified in word and deed,
The duties they command. They deeply feel,
As well they may, the work of import high,
To point the road to right, and guard from wrong
Their little band. Precepts, enforced by acts
That speak them all sincere, will be with love
Received and prompt obeyed. Here no command,
Till well matured by thought, is laid ; when laid,
No cause, but that by reason justified,
Suspends its force. Not here are found commands
And countermands, or rules of sudden growth,
That die at birth, ensuring sheer contempt.
The guardians of this house, at early dawn
Of reason's beam, in easy phrase explain
As right, what they enjoin ; nor of commands
Neglect or disobedience will permit.
The growing brood, instructed thus, reverse

And imitate those deemed infallible,
To win th' approving smile, the prized reward
Of worthy deeds. In stature children yet,
In acts they seem mature ; except, though rare,
The thoughtless freak or heedless word betray
Their years but few. The lustrous orb of day
Has dusky spots ; but these from view recede
In radiant splendour veiled ; and so do theirs.
Sweet harmony unites in one the band,
Accordant all ; exemplar worth the note
Of years advanced. The sympathy unfeigned
And love, of parents' care the fruits direct,
By each for all are felt, abating pain,
And social joy augmenting round the group.
The little hand, upraised to wipe the tear
From sister's eye or brother's cheek ; the notes
Of lisping tongues, in gentle accents breathed
In balmy consolation, sweetly feast
The soul, well versed in household bliss.
The happy father here I'd choose to reign,
Dispensing laws obeyed in love ; and scorn,
Compared with this, enthroned in state, to see
The millions bow, submissive to that will
They hate ; nor, hating, can or dare control.

Reverse the portrait drawn, the picture shows
A score for one. In Greece and Rome, unblest
With Gospel light, regard to gods, so called,

Was urged supreme in duty's code; the next
Their country held her claim; and last was taught
Respect to parents due. Some parents now
More sapient, teach their offspring gross neglect
Of God, from whom all hope, all blessings flow,
And disobedience to their own commands,
If not in words, in acts of sure effect.
Now draw the veil, and see but one of all
The hapless households, managed thus perverse.
Th' indulgent father and dear mother give
Commands repeated oft, like wordy prayer
Of hypocrite, not prevalent, because
As soon as made forgot. The sprightly miss
And sage-grown master reign supreme, nor aught
Regard, to them not seeming good. The laugh,
The cry, perpetual din, and sullen airs,
With loud unmeaning clang, compose the soul
Of their delights. Dear as I prize the lot
Of intercourse refined, of man with man,
'd dwell on Andes' brow, by friendly cliff
Protected, far from haunts of my own kind,
A thousand rather, than in such a house.

From these envenomed founts the torrents flow,
That sweep man's brightest hopes; and leave a wreck
To stench the world. As from mephitic pools,
Who would his health secure, must haste; so he,
That would his virtue guard, from those must flee

So loosely taught. Uncurbed, from infant date,
Their passions, appetites, all laugh at law
And reason's voice. Their order wild misrule;
Their noblest deeds, most trumpeted, are those
That blush in day. What wonder then, the few,
Fast friends of man, can scarce the torrent check,
Tumultuous swelled, with daily aid inpoured
From springs domestic, and its spread impede,
That menaces on earth all worth a thought.

On whom shall fall, the teacher or the taught,
The direful curse incurred by unblest youths,
Blaspheming God; infringing laws ordained
For man; dissevering virtue's social ties;
Confounding earth, and mocking sober truth,
As though were struck the pact with death, with hell,
From penal to absolve? A part on heads,
Though graceless taught, that reason's voice discard,
When she the righteous way would kindly point;
On them, who trained the forward youths, nor taught
To govern self, to reverence God, or rights
Of man account, a part must fall; and each
A curse, though portioned thus, beyond endure.

The darling that eclipsed thy sight, O sire,
To all his frontless deeds, then noble deemed,
Now acts himself, the scorn of men, save who
Are crimsoned deep at virtue's praise. His life,
Compound of vice, is varied but from bad

To worse ; from base to deeper base. He speeds
His swift career, nor thinks the fatal risk,
As pampered steed in prancing foams at sight
Of battled hosts, till mortal pain awakes
Reflection, long asleep. Aghast he lies
On death's cold verge, nor glimmering hope remains.
Unhallowed pleasures, courted once, now dashed,
Around like demons crowd, vindictive armed.
The past, with guilt surcharged, horrid repels
The thought, and throws it on that yet to come ;
And this, more hideous still, affrights it back
In mortal anguish. Tortures rack the soul ;
For conscience speaks, and speaks in thundering
 peal,

That must be heard, permitting respite none,
And points with errless aim to vengeance stored,
Eternal, weighty as the arm of God,
Crushing his foes. From this terrific gloom,
As from the lowering cloud the sudden flash
Of angry lightning breaks, so curses break
From dying wretchedness on parent heads,
As authors first, and cause supreme of throes
He feels, and guilty dreads, yet poignant more.
Their tenderness, misnamed, he execrates,
That saw, like Eli, vice unchecked, or felt
Complacency at wayward deeds, or smiled
At subtle arts, all hailed as presage sure

Of sprightly and aspiring mind. Exhaust
He dies; their son accursed of God, and leaves
On them his parting curse; their dire reward.
Enough this sober, solemn truth to warn,
If strange perverse in parents scorn it not.
This scorned; one glimmering hope survives, that
those

Who teach in schools, or from the pulpit warn
In messages divine, will faithful do
What they've not done, and undo all their work.
Illusive this resource; the state must fall,
Nor can republics live or government,
Whose base is equal rights, when virtue dies.
'T is hallowed principle, directress sure
Of knowledge, that alone creates its worth.

When young, the year is gay in varied charms
Of vernal bloom; in thousand flowers that spring
To dress the verdant lawn; in grass-clothed meads,
And waving green, that decks the furrowed field.
The fleecy flock, the bellowing herd, then frisk
And gambol o'er the plain, and every shrub
Has music for the ear. Who nature love
Must love such scenes, delighted most to see,
In merry mood, the guileless lambkins skip.
Now on the grass the sprightly race swift coursed,
Renewed again and oft reversed, regales;
And then on massy log they nimble leap,

Transverse on hither and the farther side,
Disclosing freakish mirth by playful bounds.
A scene, that strikes the heart, enchanting more,
The work of rational, is shown by groups
Of children met, on verdant turf close mowed,
Beneath the cooling shade of outspread boughs.
In morn of life they 're gayest too ; for yet,
Nor future nor the past, has learned to spoil
The present of its joy. On sportive mirth
Intent alone, conjoined with hand in hand
In circle formed, they run the merry round ;
Anon in broken order nimbly move.
Amusements varied not, will cloy the man
Or infant heart, such changelings all our race.
A scanty plank with broken China ware
They decorate ; surnaming it a feast ;
And seated round, the banquet richly share
Of dainties rarely met at courtly boards,
Repast of love sincere, simplicity
And friendship void of guile. The parent eye,
Enraptured steals, unseen, the secret glance
From distant window, or obstructing wall.
Delightful work ! to mark, in man's similitude,
The growing mind unfold, and acts
Assume of riper years ; but sad reverse !
When age is seen, disrobed of ornaments,

That brilliant seem in babes, sincerity,
Dear friendship's bond, and love uncounterfeit.

Now age and mind permit, the little band,
With sleek-combed locks and shining face, to school
Trudge off, with basket slung for day's repast.
In sight, they speed their way ; but distance gained
Or skirting wood, by turns they stop and move,
And dally on, still finding thousand charms
To bid them halt, in pebbles curious wrought
Of square or round, of white or red ; in bug
Or butterfly, or shrubs that skirt the way.
At traveller's near approach, they quicken step
And haste their route, till meeting, marshalled close
On either side, they stand erect in file,
Then bow profound the little masters all,
The misses courtesy low. The stiff-necked clown
Unheeding trudges on, and proves himself
In mien more rustic than the troop, at which,
For awkwardness in their polite essay,
In heart he sneers, nor drops one friendly word
Or leaves a smile, to win their young esteem.

The journey o'er, to seat and work diverse
The mingled group assigned, from neighbouring
homes

Collected here, to daily toil apply ;
A toil to them, unschooled as yet in worth
Of science ; oft a harder toil to him,

That 's hired to teach, accounting more, how much
Himself shall gain, than what communicate ;
His heart with joy untold as apt to swell
At noon-tide hour, or holiday's approach.
Misrule is order here ; the cant and tone
Of drawling sound, or words with racing speed
Enounced, discarding pause and emphasis
And sense, is reading's art ; and zigzag lines,
All rough as duckling's bill, is penmanship.
The pupils such ; the master, capable
T' instruct them thus, of talent more ne'er dreamed,
Possessing that most prized, most ardent sought,
" He teaahes cheap : " the price is learning's grave.
The noisy choir released, make glad exchange
Of book for basket's store. Their morsel gulped,
To play they quick repair ; for this they came.
Such teachers are not all ; a noble few
Weigh well their trust, prepare for its discharge,
Hear conscience speak, and yield to duty's claim.

The Sabbath School (I name it with delight)
Is presage of reform, that brings the world
Submissive to its God ; reform commenced
Where reason bids, and sacred truth enjoins,
Commenced at youthful age. The world will owe
A debt, a debt unpaid till earth dissolves,
A grateful debt to Raikes, whose laboured thought,
Inspired of God, to " Try," began the scheme.

In gloomy fears and dark despondency,
This potent word will onward urge to "Try,"
And "Try" again, till through these nurseries
Of pious hope, each child of human kind
Shall pass to tempted life, and all our race
Make boast of membership in Sabbath Schools.
And shall this holy scheme, this scheme so fraught
With promised good ; this best, this surest aid
Of God's ambassador, abortive prove ?
The failure, if it fail, will lie where shame,
Where love, where gratitude for much received,
Forbids ; 't will be the guilt of those redeemed,
At price divine, unsought, unmerited.
The Christian hope who claims, and yet to him
It seems a task too hard to be endured,
To teach the young the Book of God, may well
Intently ask, what evidence of worth
Affirms his claim to be an heir of God ?
And wilt thou, canst thou, taught of God to hope,
To hope his smile, shrink back with trivial plea,
When Heaven bids instruct undying souls ?

Apart from tutorage, in child or man
Desire of knowledge, wealth, and power and fame,
Is native plant. From this, directed right,
Or bent to purpose illegitimate,
Springs mortal wish in thousand forms, that may
To it be traced ; as to the fount of light

All rays, divergent or refracted wide,
Conduct us back. In infant minds, the wish
To know, possess, command and gain esteem,
Is soon disclosed. These active springs impel
To generous deeds, that grace th' historic roll;
Or prone to ill, reverse the good and urge
To error, fraud, oppression, all our wo.
By thirst for science, Newton eager scanned
The universe, its structure, laws, and use;
And measured starry worlds. The Corsic chief,
In lust of power and fame preeminent,
Would kingdoms scath, and steep the earth in blood,
To stand unrivalled in a conquered world.

The dawning wish, fond parent, watchful mark
In thy dear babe; for on its bent, thy hope
Or fear, his joy or grief, dependent hang.
The thirst for knowledge note, and promptly teach
What will thy pains repay. When first descried
The mind to seize a toy, the time begins
Of teaching justice and regard to rights.
From proud and vain secure thy charge untaint,
When springs the love of praise, and let them know
That most pursued, it farthest flies; nor dwells
But with the good. At power th' incipient grasp
Mark well, espoused the first, divorced the last
From human hearts. To yield when reason bids,
This must be taught; since they command aright

Who 've learned obedience too, nor others can.
To domineer o'er little mates, or those
In bondage fettered ; or in sport or hate
T' insult the beast or worm, permit it not ;
It leads to foul oppression's lawless sway.

The path of infant life we 've now traversed ;
His dawning reason seen, and scanned his worth ;
We pause till time permit to change the theme
To mournful strain, and sing his early death.

T H E I N F A N T .

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B O O K I I I .

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Apostrophe to the grave—The aids of death—The babe dead—Immortality strengthens parental love—Children sacrificed at Carthage, and mothers witnessing—The mother beside her dying child—The nobleman coming to Christ to heal his son—Elijah's visit to the widow of Sarepta—The death and restoration of her child—Death of an only child—The mother's visits to the grave—The death of a friend's children—Children of the rich too tenderly treated—Children of the poor—The lost child—Children murdered by order of Herod—Children mock Elisha—Their destruction—Infidel objections—The Scriptures defended—Leesburg—The orphan—A friend's death, and the orphans left—Cruden's sickness—Removal to friends—His death and burial.

THE INFANT.

BOOK III.

THE DEATH.

HAIL deep sepulchral shades! your gloom demands

**My plaintive note; nor all your wide domain,
O'er beast and bird and man, will I survey,
To learn unpeopled kingdoms thence; a part
Engrosses thought, your shrouded infant-spoils!
And e'en this part select, minute, is more
Than humble lays, like mine, can full report,
And give it currency to strike the heart.
The theme itself, devoid of borrowed skill,
Can wake the soul, and stir to sympathy.**

**To death unnumbered passes stand unbarred,
To speed his way to infant hearts, as yet
Suspecting not his fatal aim. Disease,
In all its febrile forms; debility
Direct and indirect; with famine, wars,**

And pestilence, are busy scouts for him.
To count his aids, were task impossible
For less than Him, who gave him charter here
O'er universal life. No place, no state
Exemption holds from his dominion; cots
And splendid piles, alike defenceless stand.
Reprieve from his hard grasp, nor riches can
Nor nerve of hero's arm effect; his love
No height of mortal virtue moves, to worth
Insensible; nor bold defiance can
Protect the base. With shrivelled age insatiate
He seeks more vigorous prey, nor them attacks
But with unerring bow. If mortal shaft
These, willing or unwilling, feel; much less
Can infant shield fence off its deadly point.

All-charming once the note; the prattler's voice
Is heard no more. Th' endearing smile is veiled,
That stirred, to fond delight, the parent soul.
His thousand winning feats, source each of hope,
Of joy, are played no more; the babe is dead!
Approach him shrouded for the grave. E'en still
He charms, and through death's pervious gloom
unveils,
As when in health he slept, a placid face.
From heart to heart, save his, the inborn sigh
Is circled round; at rest, his throbs no more,
The bourne is passed, that bounds all infant griefs.

Ah, lovely babe ! if parents' prayer or tears,
Could have reversed the firm decree, pronounced
On all our race, immortal one had been ;
Or could their store have ransomed thee, with joy
For thy dear life, their days had glided on
By frigid alms. No murderous blade was nigh,
Keen wrought by mother's hand, in ambush laid ;
In Christian climes we dwell, unstained by deeds
Thus horrible, save when to screen disgrace.
For pagan lands, in moral darkness whelmed,
This damning work's reserved. The infant dies
By hand of her who bore, that she be spared
The nursing care, and have her time redeemed
To servile wait on him, that's husband named.
Full dignity immortal life reflects
On man, from light eternal, prompting love
To offspring in degree and kind, unfelt
By him, whose creed gives man a mortal age.
This potent love, prolific source of thought
And anxious care, and care's consoler too,
Is sought in vain, where Gospel rays direct
Or indirect have never warmed the heart.
Through China's vast domain, for lack of this,
Cast out by parent hand the babe forlorn,
Is prey to prowling beast, or other death
As sure, though lingering long. By beaten roads,
Unless some wealthy pass, they lie contemned ;

For in such ethnical lands, their agony
And dying sobs, are impotent to move
The heart to pity. On the rolling flood
Of Kiangku or Hoangho they glide,
Like shattered limbs of vessel, dashed to wreck
On Scylla's rock ; or eddied fragments tossed,
Around where Maelstrom whirls. T' avenge the lost,
The spared retaliate, in kind severe,
On sires to hoary age advanced, who can
No profit yield, but seem on children's hand
Oppressive weight. Twixt parents and their seed,
The mortal work keeps pace ; nor punished this,
But held legitimate as wise and good.
Parental love and filial piety
Uprooted both, by wicked discipline,
To laws of selfish growth have yielded place.

In ancient Carthage, famed for polished arts
Of Tyrian growth, to Rhea's son upreared
A temple stood ; in which, nor kid nor lamb
For sacrifice, but man for man must bleed.
The ravening god was carved in image there,
Of brass or iron forged, with spring occult
And hands dependent down, of treacherous form
For work of death prepared (such his embrace
As tyrants deign) to plunge the victim babe
In flaming vault beneath, whence none could 'scape
As Schadrach did. Near at the scorching verge,

To high indignant frown, with pity mixt,
The soul is roused at sight of mother there,
Not sunk in mortal swoon, nor frantic wrought
To snatch her babe from fiery sepulchre,
Or share his burning fate ; but monster, she
Exerts her soothing art to hush his scream ;
Nor drops a tear or heaves a sigh, lest these
In babe or her the god provoke, and mar
The sacrifice. At scenes so strange, unseen,
We stand incredulous ; and name it false,
That female hearts can grow obdurate thus.
But why are Byrsa's deeds abhorrent here,
Nor mother hailed, with sounding plaudits hailed,
For soul bereft of that, which makes her worth ?
Evangel light, perdition of such rites,
Revealing mercy's law, and bidding man
In love be like his God, has dawned on us.
Where taught our race, by such efficient truth,
The babe is safe, and claims parental care
His native right, secured by heavenly charter.

What means that bending form, with downcast
look

And visage marred ? She sits, in thought absorbed ;
The trickling tear, the deep drawn sigh, announce
A heart oppressed. In sorrow's attitude,
Some mighty stroke has fixed her thus. Her voice,
In faltering accent, speaks the mournful cause ;

My charming babe ! and must, Oh ! must we part !
Thy meager form and ghastly look, reveal
The near approach of foe, that comes to strike
My comfort dead. My child ! and must thou die !
Can mercy be in God, or justice dwell
Accordant with omnipotence, if He
My pains can thus reward, and tear thee off
From bleeding heart of parent love ? Ah me !
What have I said ? what have I thought ? O God,
Forgive my murmuring and rebellious word !
For thou art good, and mercy 's thy delight.
I 'm thine, my babe is thine, devote to thee ;
Thy will be done. This said, she wiped the tear,
And kneeling acquiescent, kissed her babe ;
A half-formed smile repaid, he slept in death.

When aught, that threatens life, afflicts the child
A thousand anxious thoughts, of hope and fear,
Distract the parent's soul. Each living sign
New hope elates ; each morbid symptom, scanned
With rigorous eye, alarms their wakeful fear ;
As he, entangled in the solitude,
By twinkling star directed, is all eye
To catch the glimpse, that tells the camp of friend
Or foe ; and open ear to hark the yell
Of ravening beast, or cry of dog, th' abode
Of man announcing. On the dubious sign

Of life or death, the soul vibrating hangs,
Foreboding this and then indulging that.

In hearts of noble and ignoble race,
Solicitude alike to effort prompts
To save the child. When Shiloh, earthly guest
In humble form immured, proclaimed himself,
By sign and miracle, the mighty God ;
One came of royal blood or state, and moved,
In trembling haste, his earnest suit. My son,
My son is sick to death, but come thou down,
Omnipotence can save. Messiah paused
To prove the stranger's faith, and thus replied ;
Except new signs be lavish wrought, your faith
No credence gives, nor yields your unbelief ;
Though much in Judah done, and some e'en here
In Galilee. Archimedes, intent
On tracing lines and scientific truth,
Embattled Syracuse he heard it not,
Till roused by Roman sword demanding life ;
Nor heard this kingly suitor aught of that,
Which Jesus spake, engrossed with other thought ;
But urged importunate his plea ; O come,
For on the moment's point his life suspends,
Delay is death to him and all my hope.
The friend of man addressed ; Thy son shall live ;
And whiles he spake, the word omnipotent
Rebuked disease ; the child was healed, ere yet

The father sped his glad return. Not he,
Such grace received, forgot or faithless proved ;
But grateful owned and blest Messiah's name.

In soft remembrance, oft my thoughts recur
To Zarephath on Sidon's coast, where dwelt,
In poverty, the widow, not unknown
To those in Bible record versed. To her,
In time of mortal dearth, a messenger
Of holy worth, commissioned came of God.
Beyond the city gate, in suppliant tone
He hails, and asks the cooling draught to slake
His burning thirst, and for his fainting frame
One scanty morsel. Ye luxurious, fed
On daily feast, from plenty's costly board,
Remark this widowed case, and cherish thought
For want ashamed to beg ; make honest search
And bless, with what you waste, the hungry poor.
The man of God she thus addressed, and told
Her tale of piteous wo :

An infant child,
An only son, asleep I 've left at home,
And stole abroad to fagot here some sticks,
To dress for him and me a slender meal ;
And this, the last, consumed ; no more remains,
We wait a sure, a famished, lingering death.
The holy man, with firm prophetic air,
Assured of truth divine, and confident

That ravens feed whom God ordains, replied ;
Dismiss thy fear ; Jehovah keeps thy store
Unwasting, till the earth shall give increase.
The kindly welcome past, she daily proved
His truth, in full supply, from scanty hoard
Of meal exhaustless, and unfailing cruse.
Released from boding fears of famished death,
She dreams not other route for his approach.

The vivid flash, that gleams from cloud sur-
charged,
Quick darts its dazzling light, and instant leaves
Darkness more horrible ; so earth-born joys
Are but portents of wo ; the widow's son,
In whom her soul is bound, from famine's grasp
But just escaped, now sickens to his death.
The spirit fled ; she holds in fond embrace
Th' unbreathing corse, and hardly yet believes
The child is dead, so dear to her his life.
Thou man of Israel's God ; she said, grief-moved,
Distracted ; prophet ! why with pain repay
And anguish all my kindness ? Dost thou call
My sins to mind, and armed of God inflict
Their deep desert ? Was this thy errand hither
To slay my son ? O hadst thou been afar,
Till when the remnant mite were all consumed,
And he and I had shared one common grave !
Elijah, with such mien as might recall

Departed hope, retiring bore her son
And urged his suit to God. The plea prevails ;
To anxious arms he brings the living child,
Revived by will divine ; for this he died.
Now every charm innumerable multiplies,
And life 's tenfold enhanced, as noon-day beams,
By interposing moon a time eclipsed,
With splendour dazzle, unadmired before.
The widow's son from death resuscitate,
Is type of resurrection from the grave,
Of all that lie entombed, of infant age ;
Yet wait they must the trumpet's general call.

The sorrow felt by hearts, of one bereaved
Though more survive, at full defiance sets
Imagination, save on whom the stroke
Descends ; but when to death the only child
A victim falls, the anguish deeper throbs.
He was the mother's boast, the father's joy ;
But joy to grief has yielded place, and boast
To tears resigned. The vacant house supplies
No prattlers more, to whom their soul may cling,
And respite gain from wo, by cares transferred.
The pensive mother moves, with funeral step,
From room to room, nor finds release from pain,
Because her child she cannot find ; though oft
By fancy's eye, is caught the twinkling glimpse,
And then she thinks he lives. The phantom fled,

Her griefs augment. Now in the place, where nursed
He toyed in health, his smiles and playful feats
Are seen as when he lived. The anguished thought
Her bosom rends; she clasps her hands and hastes
From scenes so mournful now. She seeks the spot
To pour her tears, where last she heard him groan
His mortal sigh. The couch whereon he lay
Repeats his groans, reflects his visage pale;
Again she sees him die, and feels anew
Redoubled pangs. Her work but one, to sit
In silent tears, or pry and pry again
The relics dear, or oft traverse the house,
In deep inquietude, in search of that
Which still outwings pursuit. Such are her days,
Nor night, in soft repose, is undisturbed;
Of angry flood or raging flame she dreams,
Or roaring tempest or impendent cliff;
But when of babe she dreams, and then she sleeps,
Still fancy hears him cry, when quick she wakes
To give maternal aid; to sorrow wakes.

For mirth, the clustered group; her lonely walk
In summer's eve, if distance not forbids,
Among the tombs, where lies interred her babe.
The little mound fresh turfed, presents a seat
For meditation, such as tombs inspire,
Of worldly vanity, a judgment day,
And all the vast concerns of dying men;

So little thought, but when the grave is nigh.
The evening's pearly drops fall gently round,
Refrigerant of nature's drooping plants,
But not reviving her. The twilight down
Forbids her stay, insatiate yet with tears.
The parting pang the father felt not less
Than she, but must heroic quell his grief,
That he may reason and sustain his mate
Of fragile frame. Full many a rising sigh,
And starting tear he must repress, lest they
Provoke her griefs afresh ; till when retired
Beyond her eye, the briny streams are poured.
These wept away, he comes serene, to ply
His work of comfort and condolence soft ;
Himself much needing that he would impart.
He was their only son ; the wound is deep,
Incurable, save by immortal hope,
That moveless anchor, cast within the veil.

At sad remembrance of a Reverend friend,
Condolence moves my soul (the tale is short)
Who and his godly spouse were richly blest,
With four endearing babes, now budding forth
In early spring of life. Their blooming health
Repulsed the fear of death. Three Sabbaths past,
And three of them, by strangling cough, were rang
In death's cold vale. But one, the eldest, lived,
Nor yet of years to feel fraternal grief,

Or know the parent's pang. The name impressed
Indelible, inscribed by God's own hand,
Was Ichabod, on this afflicted house ;
The house of mourners, sorrow's chosen spot.
The sable gloom some months it wore, till two,
Two lovely babes, well nigh the breach repaired.
Mathesis and Sophia now engrossed
The parent's care ; but most Sophia won
Their fondling love, because endearing most.
She was a lovely child, her eye all life,
Her features symmetry, her countenance
Intelligence and love ; she might be named
Of nature's work on earth a master-piece.
When thrice six months had sped their flight,
Sophia died. I saw that beauteous face
All marred with foul disease, and black in death ;
Her grief-worn parents saw it too. So fades
All earth-born glory, and our hope is flown.
This godly pair had other hope, confirmed
Within the veil, on Christ th' eternal Rock,
Which potencies, invisible or seen,
Are impotent to wrest from Christian hearts.

With wonder and regret, I view the watch
And care of wealth misplaced, for infants born
To splendid heritage. In dawn of life
They're hid in cumbrous loads, and close enwrap
In fold on fold, lest nature's wholesome breeze,

The balm of life, fall on the tender frame.
For weeks, e'en months, the sash is pinioned drow
Nor chamber door one opening crevice shows
To pass the airy stream. The hope of wealth
Is doomed to lie immured, as in his cell
The wretched prisoner chained, whose languid blood
Unfanned by vital breeze, grows sickly pale.
His colour wan, exhibits early mark
Of dull debility. He 's delicate!
The sentence passed, to work the parents ply,
Relentless filicides. In surplus robes
They vest their babe, and surfeit cram of pills
And powdered venom, which not brace the frame
But native vigour sap, and hasten death.
Who should their limbs exert to cherish life,
They 're borne unsullied on the nurse's arm.
Such rearing 'mong the rich, has thinned their host
In early life, and laid, in silent ranks
Successive with the dead, their infant race.
If here and there survive a meager few;
They live a dying life, bereft of health,
And ill prepared t' enjoy their father's gain.

Such fruits are growth of parent's anxious care
Misplaced. When eager bent on life by means
So wide misused, they speed death's pace, or rear
A charge, affliction's child of broken health,
Suspend wise nature's law, and substitute

That she has sanctioned not, and all her plants,
Though blooming in the morn, will wither soon.
Her rules all free, no stifling care will brook,
Or life permit and health, to those debarred
Free action, ruling spring of life. This law
Is seen engraved in cots, where dwell the poor,
Happy on homely fare. The cradle spread
Receives the babe ; or, if to months arrived,
That he can poise himself or wend his way
On feet and hands, the floor his seat ;
While busy matron twirls the whizzing wheel,
Or nimble flies to dress the savoury dish,
To meet her husband's ever glad return
From daily task. The infant is self-nursed,
Excepting one of elder growth assigned,
Assume the charge, and one demanding yet
A nurse itself ; for all of riper years,
To aid the common stock, must be employed.
No pallid face, or meager form, or limb
Of dwarfish growth, in all this ruddy band
Presents the type of moving death. Their fare
Substantial, coarse ; their vesture treble wrought,
With patch on patch by mother's care, to ward
Stern winter's shivering cold, or save from shame
In summer's heat ; this rosy group, denied
The sumptuous meal, the costly robe, have more,
Have health, to pampered ease impossible.

The druggist's store and potent skill
Of Rush, Columbia's Sydenham, were vain
To rear the infant, or declining health
Repair ; if exercise and vital air,
Good nature's panacea, be withheld.

The deep-struck pang maternal felt, when lost
Her child has roamed afar beyond his ken,
Nor danger knows nor homeward path, with that
Compares, though scarce surpassed, which rends t
heart,

That bleeds o'er certain death. In pale affright
The stricken mother seeks the skirting wood,
Whither she deems his route. Breathless she moun
The rising hillock, calling loud and shrill,
And oft repeats the cry, this side and that.
No glad response is heard, save what resounds
In coming echos ; this she deems his voice,
And now elate more speeds her rapid way,
Still calling as she flies, nor nearer seems
Than at the first. Sore taught she learns, the voic
She deemed her child's, is echo's mimic play,
Or fancy's dream. Her eye, like piercing lynx,
Quick glances copse and glade and hill and dell.
The rustling leaf, the humming breeze she harks,
And thinks her darling moves, or faintly calls,
The day well nigh declined, the shadows grow ;
Portentous fear, with deeper throbs now shakes

The trembling frame, and paints the wanderer faint,
With foes environed round, in slumber merged
By mouldering trunk or rock, nor dare she hope
He can escape the reptile's venom'd fang,
Or hungry jaw of prowling beast. E'n now
She sees her child by pards in fragments torn,
As saw the patriarch his son. Her way
Direct and circular and oft reversed,
As hound-pressed roe, she flies with swifter speed,
And louder now, though strength's well nigh exhaust.
Her Hylas calls. Beneath the western verge
The golden orb descends, the starry hosts not yet
Attuned for nightly song, when at their cot,
A lone retreat, hard by the rugged mount,
Arrives her husband from the distant fair.
The mournful cry, the piercing shriek he hears;
It is Lucinda's voice, announcing pain
Unspeakable, or reason's utter loss.
As bounding hart he flies, to explore the cause
Of such unmeasured wo. He sees her stand,
In listening attitude, high on a rock;
But ah! how changed Lucinda of the morn!
Her head of turban reft, a pendent bough
Had snatched it, as she ran, and dangling held,
As hung entangled David's graceless son;
In wild array her hair dishevelled stood;
Her dress in fragments rent, unseen by her

Insensible of thorn or bramble's wound,
Or aught affecting self; one thought absorbs,
Her child is lost. Eugene now near advanced,
In love's choice dialect demands, why thus !
My child ! my darling child ! she shrieked and swooned
And as she sunk, his ready arms embraced
The languid frame, and saved it from the rock.
He snatched his prize, and bore with throbbing heart
Lucinda clasped, to apply amid their cot
Restoratives. Whiles hasting, homeward bound,
He spies his child, reclining at the base
Of spreading oak, asleep, with outspread lap
Replete with toys. Astound to see him here
The father thrice and loud his Hylas calls,
And at the call he wakes ; Lucinda too
Awakes to sense ; and with returning breath
She whispers soft as summer's gentlest breeze,
My child ! my child ! Of wild and frantic cries
The mighty cause stands now disclosed. To sense
And reason full restored, with feeble arms
She clasps her babe, as though from death revived.
Her joy unspeakable looked forth in tears,
And shone in all her face, as when it beamed
On martyred Stephen's, gazing on the bliss
Supernal, prize of pain ; and such Eugene's
For double cause, the lost reclaimed, the dead,
In dubious thought, restored. The joyous group,

Enough of strength recalled, now homeward bend,
As went Æneas from old burning Troy,
Dependent on his arm Lucinda hung,
Whiles by the hand his tottering boy he led.
Their cot regained, they dwell in grateful praise
On ruling providence, adoring God ;
And for remembrancer, no more that name
Shall Hylas bear, but be Sothetus called,
Authentic record of their gratitude.

The writhing worm in mortal pain, or gasp
Of dying sparrow, stirs the tender heart ;
Much more the sight of dying man, though yet
Of infant growth, to sorrow tunes the soul ;
But more, when numbers swell the tide of grief;
And most of all, when slaughtered at the will
Of ruthless tyrant. Egypt's graceless throne
Pronounced the stern decree, irrevocable,
On Jacob's sons, that infants they must die.
In vain the mandate: He that touched unknown
The heart of Cyrus for his chosen tribes,
Withheld the hands commissioned to the work.
An edict next of general tenor comes,
To overwhelm them in the Nile. Nor this decree
Had full effect ; though died what might suffice
To blazon royal guilt, arouse the soul
Of Hebrews, servile held, and make them wish
Retreat from hostile land, to that bequeathed,

By ancient promise to the pious house
Of covenant Abraham. Well Rachel might
Pour tears amain, maternal, worthy cause
Demands ; her children die by heathen wrong.
But sorrow's dirge unceased, inconsolate
She nightly wails to listening stars, and spends
The day in moans, for cause yet pungent more,
In numbers slain and unexpected source,
From whence the stroke ; from one on David's thron
Who indiscriminate denounces death
On Judah's infant race biennial,
And downward thence to babes of minor age,
On birth of whom the Eastern star had shone.
A rival prince, ambitious Herod dreads
In him, prophetic marked in truth divine,
Announced now Israel's king, by sages come
From eastern clime. His envious fear broods up
The murderous scheme, to make the infant cradle
Grave of his kingdom. This resolved, he next
Commands the visiters, when found the babe,
That they return and tell his residence,
For he would worship too, deep-veiling thus,
With holy guise, the bloody plot t' ensure
Success, as Judas mocked dear friendship's seal.
The pilgrims journeyed home, divinely taught,
Nor made the wished report, where dwelt the babe
That Herod eager sought. Frustrate this wile,

His kindled wrath uproused resolves its end,
Though hundreds die to gain the fall of one.
A host of such, as bow at graceless thrones,
Unbound by conscience, at the tyrant's nod,
Pervade all Bethlehem and tracts around,
Like blood-hound pack, nor pass unsearched a house;
And infant found; for sprightly babe, they leave
Instead a murdered corse. Conceive none can
Of inhumanity so vast, save those,
Intoxicate with pageant pomps of earth,
Who reason, all were made for one. This day,
This fatal day is death to infant sons
Of Bethlehem; excepted one, for whom
'T was all designed. Man's utmost wrath is vain,
Hostile to purposes omnipotent;
And mortal wisdom, poised against divine,
Is folly's deepest shade. To Egypt fled,
Angelic summoned, Joseph and his spouse;
Bearing from present death the holy child,
The hope of man. The pious donary,
Presented late of gold, in Bethlehem,
For this designed by ruling Heaven, was source
Abundant to supply their tedious route,
And save from want, while strangers home-exiled,
Till Herod's death announced their glad return.

When good Elisha, reverend saint of God,
Illustrious famed in Palestine, his way

Pursued to Bethel, high and awful name,
An infant troop espied the holy sage,
While at their juvenile sport ; and thus (so taught
By impious parents to revile the good)
In bold derision hailed ; Thou bald head go,
As thou hast lying rumoured, went the seer
Elijah, wafted sudden to the skies,
Upborne in fiery car by flaming steeds.
This false report our fathers tell (and none
Have knowledge more acute, nor would they teach
Us false) was noised by thee, that thou might claim
His representative, preminence
On earth, denouncing wrath on whom thou 'd call
Rebellious to thy God, and hold us bound
In fearful dread, obedient to thy will.
Affirm thy claim, affix its seal, ascend
Thou bald head, as thy sire, in burning pomp,
Or bear indignant scorn for foul deceit.

Divine inspired, the holy prophet spake
Th' efficient curse ; and quick from skirting wood,
Incensed at such insult two ravenous bears
Invade the scoffing group, and furious rend
Two score and two, Heaven's monuments of ire.
Of these it may, some knew the daring guilt
Of their untoward scoffs, arrived to years
When reason used can right discern from wrong ;
Vindictive wrath these bore, as righteous due

Of their own crime. Perchance amid the slain,
Some younger lay, in whom not reason yet
Had strength to teach or true or false, or mark
Fair virtue's upward path, and in their scorn
Intended naught of ill; but spake by rote,
Unconscious of its impious guilt, the tale
That jeering wit malign had circled oft
Around their father's hearth. The penal curse
Devotes to death these guiltless, losing all
Its venom'd sting in them, affecting not
Th' immortal state; but looks with stern rebuke
To parents irreligious, or in zeal
Lukewarm; who either point the impious way
Direct, or if in word the good be taught,
The good's undone by practice wide opposed.
Such reprehension, strong, angelic laid,
Felt Nile's ungracious king, when through his land,
A firstling breathless lay in every house;
And still his flinty heart, unyielding raged
Against Omnipotence.

High gratified
With semblance of a blot to mar the page
Of holy writ, the infidel loud laughs
And plies his logic (working all reverse,
As in the liquid mirror trees invert)
To prove untrue what Moses wrote; or God
Regardless of the right, exacting death,


Hard penalty, on those who reason not.
The narrative he bold impugns; nor this
The only link of his illogic chain ;
Tyrannic, cruel, harsh, are epithets
With which, in wisdom deemed infallible,
He graces God's command to Israel's host,
To slay the Canaanite, nor infant spare,
When, Jordan passed, they gained their promised ri
 In stormy clouds Jehovah flies, and hurls
His flaming bolts above finite control,
The proud oppressor passing, winged with death
To infants on their mother's knee. Who dare
Unjust or cruel name the awful act ?
With easy grasp, Jehovah metes the flood
Of ocean's vast profound, and sovereign sways
The liquid element. He bids the north
Assume its fiercest rage, and surges foam
To mountain height, defying nautic skill,
To whelm the reeling bark with all her crew
Ingulfed, both men and babes in general wreck.
Can hardiest mortal, ignorant most of God's
Prerogative, arraign the hand that waked
The sleeping wave to plunge the infant race ?
Jehovah made and holds a firm domain
Omnipotent o'er vapours, elements
And all their combined force electrical.
He framed their laws, and sees them generate

That own no God ; and some, whose public seal
To Gospel truth affixed, assures them bound
To think and act by Christian code, refuse
Their children holy nurture for their Lord.
The least excusable of all devoid
Of plea, professor of no common rank,
Is he who preaches Christ, and points the road
Upward to listening multitudes ; but leaves
His own dear offspring, uncontrolled to choose
The downward way, thick thronged with frantic souls ;
So Eli, priest of God, misruled his sons.

Digressed so far, a moment's ramble yet
I claim, to greet and mourn my once abode.
O Leesburg ! debtor as Capernaum,
Recurrent Sabbaths are all jubilant
With Gospel theme, and eves of social prayer
Awake thy pious thought. Nor has this grace
All fruitless fallen ; a goodly host, constrained
By sovereign love, though named of divers sects,
Give holy evidence of stamp divine,
That they are Christ's. In these, and in the calls
Repeated still to souls oft warned I see
Jehovah's goodness ; but in use perverse
Of hundreds, cause of tears. A day, an hour,
Perchance yet less, the point on which the all,
Eternal all of souls dependent hangs
For heaven or hell, is their sole mite of time,

The God revealed all nature owns Him hers ;
And He denied, alternative but one
Remains to fix our faith, there is no God.

Than railing at God's word or providence,
'T were wiser honestly to own the truth,
How dimly we perceive th' omniscient laws
Of justice, that sustain his righteous throne,
And through his works, with angel, man, and worm,
Alike impartial deal. Reluctant man
Is dullard, learning to correct his wrongs,
Or apprehend the wo incurred by crime ;
Hence dreams a hope the precept's false ; but apt
In sentiment, that fosters self-conceit.
With pride of intellect and reckless haste,
He dashes from his creed what God reveals,
Too vast for present ken, for future thought
Reserved, when intervene no dimming veils.
Parental ear should hark the high behest,
That from the mangled troop in Bethel's grove
Proclaims his duty ; not, God's oracles
And sovereign deeds, in pride and folly damn.
If vaunting infidel assiduous train
His young immortal to revile the right,
And spurn that thought of God (tremendous thought !
A deadly curse impends them both. Not few,
Who wear the Christian name, by works affirm
Their hatred of the cross, and live as those




That own no God ; and some, whose public seal
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For heaven or hell, is their sole mite of time,

And this rebellious wasted, rends the heart
Above all common grief! Professors too!
When you repair to God's devoted house
To pray and praise; where are your sons, ah! wher
Are they attendant at your side, or left
To roam the street and gather foulest stains
Till your return, and then feel weak restraint?
The loud huzza, the boisterous laugh, and oaths
Of coin infernal, from the holy morn
Till e'en, in clustered groups of graceless youth
(And yours a part) on commons and in streets,
As seen in Sodom, trump your dire neglect;
Neglect of souls; neglect of guilty hue,
Which God will reckon, when he judges man.
O Leesburg! much loved spot, in thee reside
The best of human kind, 'mid much alloy.
The contrast strong deep strikes the pious heart,
As type of coming day; that final day,
Which draws exact the line 'twixt good and bad,
The line immutable, eternal drawn.

The babe in orphanage, ere he had known
A mother's care, extorts a mournful strain,
Though not entombed. Consigned to bosoms oft
Unwarmed with love parental, or if warmed,
Not warmed for him; he's nursed at one
Not sprung of human kind, or holding claim
On mercy's humblest boon. By grievous want



He estimates that lost, when died his all ;
Launched out in life a stranger, still abroad,
The filial bond unfelt, unknown, and joy
And confidence thence sprung. Such are not all ;
Some share the pitying heart and liberal hand,
Upreared as sons at home. This glads my soul ;
But most to see the orphaned fair so live,
Of loss unconscious, their sad plaint but one,
Insolvency, so large the grateful debt.
More lasting grief strikes on the heart, bereaved
At manly age ; the deprivation less.

Ye lovely nine and Ann alone mature,
In sable robes why clad, announcing death ?
In throbbing sighs your broken accents tell
The bleeding wound unhealed ; We're motherless.
Weep on ye orphaned band, the cause is grave,
Your loss beyond repair ; but once in life
You mourn a mother dead ; and few have dropt
The funeral tear on mother, such as yours.
Ah ! charming mother ! with thy lonely babes
I mourn ; for them and for myself sore reft ;
Thy partner too, mid life's tempestuous sea ;
But not for thee, enthroned with hymning saints.
Thine eye bespeaking soul benevolent,
Thy countenance with smile of vernal morn
Irradiant, and kindest words of grace,
Diffused the social joy. In others' pain

Thy pious heart was prompt to feel, and well
Thy willing hand could bring relief, if case
Within the sphere of mortal aid or alms.
When shrouded thy once beauteous form, the p
Was borne with funeral step, Belhaven* owned
In tears, a favourite gone, and each exclaimed,
I've lost a friend. I praise such tears, they tell
Fair virtue's price, and speak departed worth.

Endearing Ann, the eldest of the train,
Though yet so young, a charge responsible,
Before unfelt, unknown, lies now devolved
On thee, to fill a mother's place. The wants
Of her dear babes, unseen by other eye
While hers was there, must now be searched by
On thee the double duties fall combined,
A mother's gentle sway, a sister's love.
I joy to hear observant matrons tell,
Who witness thy incessant watch, now deaf
To pastime's call so soft on juvenile ears,
At home thy hours are useful filled, and there,
In duty's round amid the motherless,
Thy pleasures dwell. Demeanour sage and ra
At life's unsteady time, I prize where found,
But most in lovely Ann, vicarious placed
To act the mother's part for her I loved.

* Alexandria, D. C.



When o'er the fields the golden harvest waved,
Replete with rural hope, disease commenced
On Cruden circumventive wiles ; when yet
His age had told but half its second year.
[saw, with anxious eye, his faded bloom,
And frame deep languished, image pale of death ;
And still the tyrant raged invincible ;
Nor Sim, my scienced friend, could break his sway.
When slept the treacherous foe, we deemed him slain
By medic skill ; but as refreshed by sleep
Man wakes more vigorous, so disease awoke,
In double fury, blasting every hope,
Gave that create by parents' fondling wish,
Delusive, unsubstantial as the bow,
Enchanting sight, and when, like it pursued,
Still distant seemed, or like pure earthborn bliss,
Outstripped the eager chase. Expedient one
Remained untried, and this the last, succeed
Or fail ; he yet might bear a change of clime
And gentle travel, which perchance would do,
What druggist's store could not, retrieve his health. ;
The hope forlorn decides the doubt ; abroad
He 's borne, protected by a mother's care,
And mother none e'er claimed devoted more.
Abroad he 's borne ; but not to strangers borne,
Or hearts insensible ; the noblest son
Of Erin's Isle, untiring friend and sure,

Loved Cramer, champion of the healing art,
And all his house, give welcome to the charge.

Returned to tend at home the weighty trust,
Three suns revolved, the tidings came; In death
Thy babe is sinking fast. By twinkling light
I sped my way; while groves and mountain cliffs
Re-echo sad my Cruden's groans, and ah!
I saw him die in every groan. Each league
To twain seemed lengthened now; and all were passed
Save one, when o'er the pine-topped hills the beams
Of morning glanced, a friend condoling hailed;
Thy Cruden breathes, and that the most; since eve
Of yester sun, enchained the powers of life
In stupor lie; unmoved his shrivelled hand,
His torpid eye unoped. My soul appealed
In solemn vow addressed on high; If thou,
Almighty Love, prolong his life, till I
May reach his couch, and strength impart to know
A father speaks, and tell his wonted love
Significant; un murmuring to thy will
I cheerful bow. With winged speed, though slow
To me the swiftest seemed, arrived I found,
Amid his sorrowing friends, my dying child;
And next the cradle sat, with steadfast look,
The anxious mother; look of hope and fear,
As foundered mariner's, descrying sail
At many a league, that seems to bear away.

T H E I N F A N T .

—

B O O K I V .

Sacred deposite, in Omniscient hand !
Absorb, majestic tide, the tears we poured
Around his tomb ; when tolls the knell of time,
He 'll wake a glorious form, celestial-robed.

T H E I N F A N T .


—

B O O K I V .

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Apostrophe to death—Infants deemed guilty—Early
a proof of immortality—The end of time announces
surrection of the saints—The infants among the
wicked raised—Personal identity—The resurrection in-
troduced from nature—The infidel's parting address to his
grave—A pious mother's address—Revelation of
teach us the being and attributes of God—Death of
child—Infant souls taught in heaven—Rapid progress—
viewing the redeemed host—The infant's address to
Cruden recognised—Intercourse of spirits—Doloria's
—Earthly ties broken—Aged saint's death—Infant's
not a cause of grief—Tears for the living—The depar-
fant's address to parents—Happy state of the infant—
of devils at the ascent of the babe—Submission to
Parting address to Cruden.



THE INFANT.

BOOK IV.

THE BLISS.

RELENTLESS monarch ! why invade the babe,
For combat imbecile ? The infant frame
Is prey minute for thee, victorious owned,
O'er men of time-braced nerve, and purpled kings.
Ungenerous stoop, to cradles from a throne ;
From manly strength, to infant impotence !
Who gave permission, o'er the helpless part
Of human kind ; and bade thee, negligent
Of matron anguish, or of infant smiles,
Deprive the babe of life, and bring him down
Putrescent to the dust ? Thou art a curse,
A penal curse, denounced on sinning man ;
And foul transgression, skilful pioneer,
Has smoothed thy way to human hearts. 'T was God
The just and good, who gave thee earth to waste ;
And thou art his to execute his threat ;


An empty name, existing not apart
From purpose of th' almighty will. The God,
That wrought our fearful frame, alone can ebb
The vital flood, inhibited by means
Efficient made, or will omnipotent.
Submit my soul ! the high decree is God's,
Invincible, that nips the early bud ;
Withers the fresh-blown flower, and leaves the earth
A blighted waste, where human plants had sprung.

The infant's death is argument of guilt ;
For guiltless he had felt nor death nor pain,
If justice, power and goodness dwell in God.
'T is false deduction, hazarded unwise,
To sanction pain apart from guilt, where reigns
Th' omnipotent. Inflexible justice guides
Almighty strength, directing all its force
To punish guilt, and guard the innocent
Exempt from pain ; each work its equal care,
And each essential to the good of all.
Benevolence in God insures the good
Unforfeited by sin ; but this withheld,
When wo is dealt instead, 't is evidence
That he, on whom it falls, is guilty deemed.
If babes in God's account were guiltless held,
Divine, effective love would ward their pain,
Save undissolved the earthy, and the soul
Unpierced by fear or pang. Exists there man,

In heart not atheist, avowing this,
That God is good and just and would protect,
But knows not how ; or, if he know, cannot ;
Or armed with might and wisdom, lacks the will ;
Or this, all pain and death are works of chance ;
Or laid, in purpose kind, on innocence,
To give a richer joy, by contrast wrought ?
Such subterfuge t' eschew the truth, the prince
Of subtle arts, unused to blush at wiles
Even most absurd, would blush to call it his ;
Yet these remain alone alternatives,
To those denying guilt the cause of death.

Man's matin death, ere wakes the soul to thought,
Is indirect, conclusive proof, that he
To more than mortal will attain. From naught
The infant called of God, all-wise, all-good,
For this exists, to show the Maker's skill
And goodness joined ; to bless, and be himself
Of good participant. The thinking essence,
Heaven-breathed, is capable to know the works
Of vast immensity, and Him that fills
The whole, if less than God can know them all.
This soul is lodged in tenement, adorned
With organs fitly framed, through which she pries
All nature's work. These nice wrought instruments
Are suited well, to show the various modes
Material formed, to man's reflecting mind,


Of fragrance, sound and light, of sweet and hard.
Not yet the soul her own existence knows
Or power to think, to understand and will,
Or organs made for her can use ; dismissed ;
She leaves her tenement in ruins laid.
Such pomp of apparatus, framed exact
For man's delight and culture, would but teach
(As oft our erring wisdom drops her plans)
What God could do, and then abortive strike
The whole, by endless death of him, for whom
It all was reared, or well nigh reared in vain.
The complex clock, with wheel on wheel contrived
Is by the artist's skill complete, prepared
To tell its welcome use, and point to man
The passing time. One hour or less announced,
His curious work the maker's hand unmakes,
Preventing that for which alone 't was built.
In human or angelic intellect,
This must imputed stand a wiseless act ;
What then in God, if dies annihilate
The infant man, his worth yet undisclosed ?
Or if a Newton fall, no more to rise
Self-conscious or enlarge his soaring thought ?
Relinquished plans or works but half complete,
Are sought in vain, through all that God has made
If aught defective seem, the cause is found
With us ; " we see in part," and dimly that.



Death's ebon-throne, sin-based, erected stands
On time's remotest verge ; nor can from thence
The sable monarch hurl a mortal shaft
Beyond into eternal ; there immortal all
Is joy or wo. We live, we die, and on
The narrow line between, invisible
To sense or thought, the tottering monarch stands,
Nor can to either side diverge ; within
Is time ; beyond, no change, but from full bliss
To fuller rising ; and from hideous deep
To deeper still depressed. The earth-born part
Alone subjected feels death's venom'd sting ;
Unhurt, the rational outbraves his force,
For He that made, has fixed on her his seal
Undying stamped. Not long o'er that he holds,
Man's baser part, shall this destroyer reign.

A godlike messenger, with heavenly pomp,
In clouds transparent robed, with face illum'd
Celestial, throwing darkness o'er the sun,
And nature's vivid bow around his head,
Shall, in majestic mien, stand on this globe,
With either foot begirding earth and main,
And hand uplifted, seen at once by hosts
Of peopled worlds, and make the last appeal,
In solemn oath, to Him that ever liveth ;
All time shall cease. Then death's demolished throne
Shall fall, and die he must with dying time.

The vital word that spake ere time had birth,
Or wide immense admired her rolling spheres,
Now speaks reverberant among the tombs.
The atoms far disjoined, as fleeting thought
Quick wafted, meet their kindred parts, and rear
Again the perfect frame. The holy souls,
That hymned the Son of God judicial-robed,
Adown th' ethereal space, and bended round
His burnished throne for final sentence set,
In myriads joyful fly to animate
Their heavenly forms. Unnumbered stand the hosts
Reclaimed to life; nor sigh nor fear perturbs
Their soul; nor anguished face in all the throng
Is seen. These hold a place preeminent
Of all that died; for they are saints of God.
Amid this multitude the infants stand;
And here his place my lovely Cruden holds,
The same and yet how changed; the mortal wears
Immortal now, to spirit near allied
Ethereal, pure, in movement swift as thought.
When rose this happy sainted throng, the earth
And air and firmament were calm as eve
Of summer's day, when in the ruddy west
The lucid orb declines; nor restless dared
One element, disturb the tranquil scene.
This godlike host ascending, marshalled stand,
Above the clouds, to see the burning earth.




The word, that Sodom and Gomorrah whelmed
With liquid sulphur, peals again; and quick
Convulsive elements, in furious wreck,
Proclaim dissolving nature; and the sun,
Now impotent to pierce the horrid dark
That shrouds the earth, extinguished seems.
Around the spheres terrific thunders roar;
Whiles through the darkened air shoot gleaming
flames,

Enkindling all the globe. Amid the shock
And terror, start to life a countless host,
That scoffed, in words or works, this wo-charged
day;

Or dreamed it still afar, till grace expired.
The loud-toned trump, deep grating on the sense
Of damned souls, more terrible than grates
On prisoner's ear the massy door, harsh oped
To point his road to death, is heard in hell,
And from the burning lake, like darkened clouds
Tempestuous hurled, the guilty spirits come,
Unwilling come, dismissed from place, but not
From pain dismissed, to breathe now endless life
In their unhallowed shrines, the instruments
Of earthly crime. From this all-wretched throng
The joy-born smile has fled; and guilt and fear
And sure expectancy of heavier curse,

Mark every lineament. With these, unchanged
By birth divine, the infant has no part.

Who dread revival from the tomb, impelled
By conscious guilt, and only they, deride
The hope that day inspires. Their conscience dares
A life averse to God, and fearful dreads
To meet the fatal reckoning ; labouring hence
To banish thought of that, which mortal proves
To sensual joy. With confidence, oft feigned,
Yet felt by none, devoid of secret doubt
Untold, these reasoners, by their scanty line,
Admeasure what with God is possible,
And what transcends his might ; and wisdom set
At bold defiance, though divine. Not He,
E'en God, the scoffer cries, can rear to life
The form once mouldered down, collecting all
Its severed parts, incorporate with the flesh
Of beast or bird, subsisting life by prey
Of human kind. If ye can thus, with ease,
Discern what God can do and what exceeds
Omnipotence, ye sure can tell the less.
Instruct me then (I 'll docile learn) what parts
Essential form corporeal man ; or may
The atoms go and come, in constant change,
And man be still the same ? What particles
In number or in size removed ; or what
Accessions made of fluid or of dense,




Transmute the man, that he 's another deemed ?
Inform me too (for wisdom prompt as yours
Can tell) if particles that once adhered
To human essence, can, dissolved from it,
With others coalesce. Or could not He,
Who has th' inert endowed with gravity
Yet unexplored, give to each mite combined
In animal, a law, that through what forms
Of other kind it might be moved, yet still
Distinct it must remain, prepared t' obey
The call, Return ? Creative might educed
From void the thousand forms material,
And is his strength too weak to hold distinct
Each essence, and to rear man's mouldered dust
The same again, if so he choose ? Is this
Absurd to reason, or impossible ?
What if inert the cumbrous part still sleep,
The subtile wake, essential to the man,
Refined, beyond our keenest search or thought,
And on this base the body stand, new-built ?

Identic consciousness will recollect
The deeds of life or good or ill, and hence
Present fit subject for reward, or make
Him feel the vengeance just, on guilty works
Pronounced ; he 's now the same as when in life.
At thirty stands arraigned at human bar
The'cuiprit, charged with blood he murderous shed

In youthful age, of stature less than man.
The judge pronounces death, nor doubts the fact
That he's the same, though changed; and conscio-
ness

Admits the sentence right; and waives the plea
That now of manly growth, he's not the same.
As from the sickly beds, where lay the gross,
They rise emaciate, nor dream themselves
No more their wonted essence, or from sleep
We wake identic; so the trump's alarm
Will wake the slumbering dead, confessing each
The same existent here, and God dispense
Rewards, acknowledged just; e'en such as fall
In penal form, eternal in their date.
Philosopher of deep research, well skilled
In points abstruse, thou 'st told us what by God
Omnipotent cannot be done; come now
And see, in miniature of that great day,
What nature, thy own boasted guide, reveals.

See, on that rosier top, the crawling worm
Of shaggy pile, unsightly to behold;
And next a chrysalis in torpor shrunk;
And last, with spangled wing, he bursts his cell
And lightly soars his ærial way, surnamed,
In rich attire, the lustre of the mead.
The worm, that toils for man's most splendid use,
Remark through all her modes of varied life,



Till she, her shroud, transcending human art,
Has spun and wove. If sharing consciousness,
Both this and that must feel their essence one,
When worm or chrysalis or decked with wing ;
What then, by holy writ is taught, opposed
To nature or impossible, when says
The brightest page, that inspiration penned,
The dead shall be revived ? Man's life and death
Are facts in view ; the symbols just surveyed,
Prophetic tell his splendid form from death
Released, enhanced in being, still the same.
I must believe (O might I feel its weight !)
What God avers, and that in symbol taught,
The small and great to judgment shall arise.
And if the fly, in gay attire, surpass
So far the worm, from which she sprang ; why not
Celestial forms of men much more transcend,
In glory and in action, forms on earth ?

The bell had tolled its slow and solemn knell,
And on the fresh-grave margin, lay enshrined
An infant corse, to mingle with the dead ;
When thus the father sad ; My dearest child !
My treasures all were light, as feather poised
The mountain's weight against, to ransom thee
From death, and save a life so dear ; but chance,
The arbitress supreme (for if a God exist,
He cumbers not his thought with things

Minute and multiform) has torn away
My soul's delight ! curse on her random route,
That led to thee ! Thy smile, thy prattling tongue
No more shall wake my joy ; thou art death's prey,
Eternal his ! Thy soul, commencing thought,
Composed of matter thrice refined, or what
Is spirit deemed, shall think or joy no more,
Or conscious being know. Thy essence gone,
Both sensitive and rational, restored
Can never. I would joyous hope for thee
The future life, in raptured scenes foretold
In Gospel writ ; but dare not hope for thee,
Forewarned by conscience of an adverse doom,
Awaiting such as I. To be reduced
Annihilate, to want of sense and thought,
Is now my brightest hope, and this how dark !
Adieu my babe ! we die as dies the brute !

Scarce hushed was Antivangel's hopeless sigh ;
When lo ! a Christian mother weeping stood,
Apart from all, bedewing with her tears
The new-turfed grave, where lay interred her son
Death's infant spoil ; and spake with hopeful air,
Dear babe ! my joy, my comfort once ; but now
Oppressed by death's cold hand ! to part with thee,
E'en for a time, is pain intense, well nigh
Breaking this throbbing heart ; though faith assures
Thou art not lost ; nor from life's register

Will be erased thy name. This bursting tomb
Will yield thee called, more glorious in thy form,
Immortal ; then shall I behold thee clad
In robes of light ; and blest embrace thee mine.
This faith divinely wrought, and firm reposed
On God's veracity, self-pledged to man,
For resurrection and the coming bliss,
Extracts grief's sharpest sting, lights up my hope,
And brings the solace near. No ethnic gloom
Unpierced, surrounds thy grave : in peace, in hope,
Rest, rest, my babe ; we 'll deathless meet again.

What heart of adamant, is yet so hard
To wrest from parent soul this soothing hope,
When most it needs support, all nature blanked
By sad bereft ? If in the million hordes
Refined or savage, which begird the globe,
From Nova Zembla to the nether pole,
Exists there one, whose soul can cheerly feast
On fears and pains and griefs of fellow men,
Such work becomes him ; and his toil would meet
(Could it efficient make his direful wish)
A sure reward of cheering hope expelled,
Heart-rending woes enhanced, and every crime
Of crimson dye, on wretched man unloosed !

The works that be, in all their splendid forms,
Majestic and minute, inanimate
Or breathing, reasoned or instinctive led,

Are impotent to prove a God exists,
Till He reveal himself. The inference
From visible to Him unseen, unmade,
Existent without cause, eternal One,
Is too immense for finite mind, self-taught ;
Nor could his attributes be read by man
In nature's book. But these and that,
Revealed and taught direct, are seen displayed, and
traced

In lines on nature drawn, and more confirmed.
And if the maker God withhold from man
The science of release from death, nor teach
What future may await, his reasoning 's vain,
Bewildered, dark. The will of God, direct
In Gospel beams (it only can) assures,
For body and for soul, immortal life,
And tells benignant that in store for man,
The bold blasphemer and the humble saint.
This world for reconciliation stands,
With that to come, for retribution joined ;
And teaches man, by hope and fear of that
Unending in its date, to frame his life,
Accordant with the rule divinely set.
From God alone, intelligence of bliss
In coming worlds, for babe or man, can cheer
The soul, that feels her worth, and ardent longs
To know her final ; joy or wo, or naught !

In mournful state sat Israel's mighty king,
In sackcloth mantled near his heartsick babe ;
Nor yet the mortal shaft had reached its mark,
From death's unerring bow. The issue wrapt
In dark and doubtful ; still his lingering hope
The father fed ; and still he wept and prayed,
If God might hear and spare a life so prized.
The hour advanced, and pain of sore suspense
Kept pace. Now hope is lost ; the infant soul
Has winged its flight. The acquiescent prince
Uprose and cheered his heart, and thus exclaimed ;
My child shall sigh no more ; to worlds above
His soaring spirit flies to dwell with God ;
And why should I complain ? my soul has peace.
To me no more my dearest child returns ;
But I shall measure life, and bide with him.
Away repining thought ! th' obscuring days,
Which bar me from my child, must needs be few.
Say, would this prophet, taught of God, have joyed
At parting with such boon, devoid of hope
Of his eternal weal ? That sullen grief
Which yields because it must, nor can control
The cause, was not the king's. Of worthier kind
Was his, that bowed in acquiescence prompt
To God's supremacy ; and cheerful saw,
Through circling clouds, celestial radiance break.
O'erjoyed he saw the change from pain to rest ;

From death to life. And why should you bereaved
Or I complain, or deem it hard, that one
We love should gain, ere eve, the golden prize ;
And this, when we so soon expect the crown ?
Absurd would be the moan of parent stock,
That from her side was severed off the shoot,
Which dwarfish grew, beneath her stifling shade,
And set with fragrant plants, in generous space,
Where it, well cultured by the gardener's skill,
Might grow a beauteous tree, to full mature.
The infants, guilty held, enduring pain
And death by sad entail, that die ere yet
They know the curse, are saved in mercy's scheme
Unknown to them, till when in heaven taught
They taste its fruit, and sing redeeming grace.

Souls infantile, escaped from earthly bond,
Enjoy high privilege to learn in heaven.
Its native sphere each power and passion knows,
And acts its part ; whiles through celestial light,
Transparent medium, objects vast, minute,
Ne'er seem what they are not, as oft on earth
When viewed through murky mists, or passion's
glass.

Th' expanded scope of truth and fact, allures
From stage to stage, ascending from the plain
To Him inscrutable. Delightful task !
To learn material modes, by laws combined

and exquisite. The limpid brook purls on,
receiving as it flows the tribute streams,
pswelling more its tide, till lost it falls
unnoted, in th' unmeasured main, whence sprung ;
and saints, in holy love and intellect,
ascend more high, approaching still to God ;
and still, when highest raised and perfect most,
they 're lost in Him. The thousand streams,
that pour into the main, swell not its flood ;
nor is more full the plenitude of God,
from all ascribed by saint and seraphim.
The deep its vapour holds, forbid to rise ;
The ebbing rivers fail ; so angel, man,
exalted most, dependant wait on God,
and bliss and being cease, if He but will ;
and grace omnipotent no more be shed.
Transporting thought ! the infant, quickly versed
in simple rudiments, soon mounts to fill
The Tarsian's seat high raised, vacate by him
ascending still ; and grade on grade attained,
He will high surmount the loftiest summit held
by angel now, in rapid movement on
toward infinite ; though space immense remain,
And will remain eternal, unimpaired.

Let none so rudely dream, that in the light
E'en of celestial day, one needs no more
Another's aid, to teach him that unknown,

By Holiness Supreme, till they transgressed
Incumbent law. To man though last announced,
Mercy was first with God designed, ere man
Or angel waked to thought. This attribute
Ne'er shone till Eden heard; "The woman's seed
Shall bruise the serpent's head." Its godlike height
And depth, its length and breadth, uncircumscribed
On either side, like space expansive spread,
Holy intelligents will scan, while roll
Eternal ages. This surpassing scheme,
Delight of God above his other works,
Consummate love, may well employ
Immortal thought, enlarging as it pries.
The knowledge there imbibed, is highest, best,
To know that all are ardent with the love
Of each, and God immutable for all.
There every heart accordant, meets the thought
Of all the host, and there the infant dwells.

To heaven the infant soul, angelic borne,
Has much to know, nor had on earth begun;
But for profoundest search, eternity
Will give it ample range. Progressive there
As here, from known to that unknown, the soul,
Eternal soars, nor e'er forgets the past.
Augmented knowledge and expansive love
Keep equal pace; while happiness enlarged
Results in new degrees, still more sublime

And exquisite. The limpid brook purls on,
Receiving as it flows the tribute streams,
Upswelling more its tide, till lost it falls
Unnoted, in th' unmeasured main, whence sprung ;
And saints, in holy love and intellect,
Ascend more high, approaching still to God ;
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The Tarsian's seat high raised, vacate by him
Ascending still ; and grade on grade attained,
'T will high surmount the loftiest summit held
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Toward infinite ; though space immense remain,
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Let none so rudely dream, that in the light
E'en of celestial day, one needs no more
Another's aid, to teach him that unknown,

And happiness advance. Ideas stored
By indolent intuitive, suffice
Man's active soul could not; mind lives
By busy thought, the spirit's element.
In heaven, all teach, all learn, in converse sweet,
Alternate numbering o'er the works of God,
Till rapt on mercy's theme adoring all,
In one symphonious hymn, they praise the Lamb.
Instruction most the infant needs, and most
On him, the spirits more advanced bestow.

 In clustered groups, through all the heavenly
 realm,
The infant bands attentive bend to saint
Instructing here, and there to angel tongue,
Mellifluous breathing on the ardent mind
Celestial knowledge. Lessons there are taught
Of God, his works and providence, that draw
Th' enraptured thirst to deeper draughts; where all
Are prompt to learn, nor e'er attention fails
Or languid sinks. Engrossed on all their themes,
Yet most their souls seraphic burn, when they
Would know the height and depth, the breadth and
 length,
Of God's redeeming love; for they, once doomed
To death, are trophies of the scheme. This plan
Has deeps, beyond the deepest finite search;
And these exhaustless, will eternal draw

Astonished thought ; enough is plain for babes
 To know and love, where Jesus dwells. In heaven
 Advance is rapid ; that imbibed remains.
 No aspick tongue instils the venom there,
 That works perdition ; all submissive teach
 What flows from God, and leads direct to Him.
 Amid the hallowed hosts, 't is equal joy
 To give and-to receive. They respites take,
 Such pauses as pure spirits need, or those
 In bodies pure as they. These intervals
 Are rest by change of theme ; whiles growing thought
 Attunes their ready harp to nobler strains.

The burning seraphim, and saints arrayed
 In brighter robes, the great and small, are one,
 In holy intercourse of thought, and acts
 Of humble and adoring praise. Amid
 The white-robed throng, the first of human kind
 Stood viewing whom, by foul offence, he doomed
 Unborn to pains and death, now godlike raised.
 While numbering o'er the countless multitude,
 O'erwhelmed in wonder at redeeming grace,
 An infant spirit flew, and thus addressed
 The sire of all the host ; First made, redeemed
 The first from penal curse of law infringed ;
 My hope was one with thine, by Wisdom's choice,
 That set thee surety for thy seed. If thou,
 In full perfection formed and holy all,


Did not repel th' alluring bait, when urged
By thine and life eternal of thy race ;
Much less, in passing youth's unwary stage,
In passion strong, in judgment weak, could I
Have hoped to stand, and what thou lost secure.
I felt, in death, the union with thy crime,
Before I conscious knew or good or ill,
Or active thought had yet emerged. I died,
As weary swain, with peaceful breast, sinks down
In sleep, nor felt it was a penal stroke.
I seemed from slumber waked, by melody,
That hymning choirs were chanting round my bed ;
And mid this sainted host, earth-born, blood-bought,
I found myself, participant of bliss.
From me the change and cause alike were veiled,
Till, since arrived, I 've grateful learned, to whom
The glory 's due ; to prince Immanuel.
When he assumed thy guilt and took thy form,
'T was mercy's great decree, that all who died
Unconscious of thy crime, incapable
Of adding their own guilt, should live by Him ;
And those to reason spared, who chose the wrong
And spurned his grace, should be from God accursed.
In righteousness blood-wrought I stand, as all
Arrived of earthly birth ; not one is robed
In lucid white by his own works ; grace, grace,
Shall be our lasting theme. When uttered this,

A canzonet, in softest, sweetest note
(Since sung at Bethlehem, unheard on earth)
Was chanted by the myriad souls enrapt
Of infant growth that hovered near the throne.
In Salem's holy fane, the children grouped,
Hosannahs shouted glad to David's Son,
And he approved ; now songs of sweeter note,
To him enthroned, the infant bands ascribe,
And meet benignant smiles divinely rich.

Amid this raptured throng my Cruden sings ;
I know him yet, through heaven-wrought change ;
not less

In him, than when the blighted garden, locked
In icy fetters, breaks the chain and blooms
In tinted May's attire. He 's glorious robed
In vesture bright, as that unearthly worn
By heavenly visitants, on Tabor's mount.
Disease no more shall wan his youthful bloom ;
It glows, as that beheld on Moses' face,
Derived alike from rays divinely shed.
The earthy mould, dire nurse of pain, that bore
Apostate image, now immortal wears
The heavenly form of God's incarnate Son.
Exalted thus, some lineaments distinct,
That marked him, whiles on earth, apart from all,
Denote him yet my child. Though " every face
Looks heavenly and divine," each there assumes


Man's charnel house ; but thence affrighted back,
Appalled in agony, ne'er dared beyond,
To trace th' immortal up her way to God ;
Or daring, soon returned ; her theme was death ;
And circumscribed, around this painful sphere
Her brooding thought revolved. In pensive mood,
Now vesper's curtain dropped, she sunk in sleep ;
And lo ! in dazzling bright, Carania shone,
Not haggard as the ghosts, which fancy makes.
With voice and mien, such as high heaven imparts,
She spake consoling words ; I see thy pangs,
My mother, constant as the minutes' flow,
Endured for loss of me. Let mourning cease,
And tears and sighs ; be joy thy only thought.
Behold my form, how changed ! and yet the half
Is veiled from thee ; the radiant whole would crush
Thy mortal frame. What I, O ! could thou feel
Thy life unwrecked ! for me thy grateful harp
Would wake. The laboured height my bliss sur-
mounts
Of earthly dialect ; nor full expressed,
By that in heaven, high raised above all thought,
Large as desire, immortal as the soul.
Deep canvass all my state ; how changed from that
Thou sawest on earth ! Repress the murmuring sigh ;
Our God in mercy deals ; each earthly stay
In love removed, is upward step to bliss ;




Submit, and seek his grace to share my joy.
This said ; the burning phantom mixt with night,
As woke Doloria ; griefless she awoke.
When man 's asleep, his reason oft performs
Her soundest work, in warning and advice,
Because she acts, herself without control
Of will or prejudice ; and that she speaks,
Though in a dream, with sanction of the word,
In comfort or alarm, should meet regard ;
Whiles deep regret should mourn that dreamed
adverse.

Carania's message may be traced, proclaimed
Ages in holy writ. Albeit it stands
Recorded there, for mourners' comfort penned ;
Few search or feel the truth, of force divine
Their sullen grief to antidote, and lay
The selfish soul submissive, bowed in peace,
Beneath a sovereign God, adoring there.

On every moment's fleeting wing, a soul
Of infant or adult, takes leave of earth,
In willing quest of an abiding home,
Or dragged to meet her doom, by hard constraint.
Each moment thus is charged with ponderous grief
To thousands. Multi-form, life's cords are twined,
Encircling many a heart of relative
By blood or holy rite, and those as friends
Endeared. Dissevered one, the wound scarce heals



By time's slow balsam, ere another breaks ;
And hence, of pain the heart has respite none,
Mid dying friends. To guilty man this life,
Disjoined from Christian faith, is compound wrought
Of dismal fears, and glimmering hopes of that
Yet future, worse than this or better deemed,
Of thwarted schemes and universal death.
A world retributive, to this annexed,
Descried through Christian glass, illumes the scenes
Of earth, and opes a bright reverse, as shines
The moon in borrowed rays ; obstructed these,
She's sable robed. Of consolations, drawn
From sacred truth, to counterpoise our pain
Bereft of friends by death, the strongest that,
We feel, when veteran saint triumphant shouts ;
"Where is thy sting, O death ! Thy victory, grave !"
The last sure conquest won ; the foe in chains,
Nor dreaded more ; the armour useless cast ;
Th' exulting victor's hailed with loud acclaim,
By friends with pæan hailed ;—"The time-worn
saint,
By grace has triumphed o'er his final foe,
And wears th' immortal crown ; let joys abound."
When he, who shares deep interest in the bark,
Descries, with sickened heart, her spreading sail
Returned from distant cruise, unhurt by storms,
Now safe and peaceful gliding into port ;



Then we may mourn in stubborn grief unsoothed,
The heir of bliss, released from sin and pain,
Safe wafted to the port of heavenly rest.

In rich profusion, breathe the fragrant flowers
Around the tomb, where sleeps the aged saint ;
And next their sweets are poured upon the grave,
That holds, in calm repose, the infant corse.
No rugged thorns are seen, nor weeping boughs,
Beside the little mound, by eyes faith-strong
To glance beyond material orbs. Scan we
The pains, the strifes, the disappointed hopes,
Through which his toilsome way perchance had led,
Had he to manhood reached ? and is it grief
To them who loved him most, that he is crowned
A conqueror, before he met the foe ?
From all that racks the frame and mars the soul,
Exiling peace, the infant, timely snatched,
Has rest, nor dreads their possible approach.

More anxious thought the living justly claim,
Who, midst unnoted snares, in peril stand.
Around temptations crowd, adapt to lure
Th' incautious, heedless bent to wreck their all,
Though kindly warned. Their force the infant feels
No more than central earth the fierce north wind,
Or feverish south ; he high o'ertops their sphere,
And undisturbed looks down on them, as looks
The sun on noon-tide mists ; they reach him not,

This dark terrestrial vale their widest range.
The parent heart the living yet may rend,
With impious sentiment or graceless deeds,
And leave him comfortless, but when he thinks
Of him that 's dead. I would to God (is oft
The wretched father's moan, or mother's plaint)
That thou, my son, had filled an infant grave,
Beside thy brother laid ! His body sleeps,
With saints his spirit dwells ; whilst thou, perverse,
Art making days prolonged, thy curse and mine.
Ungodly and unkind as lives this youth,
Still parent heart indulges hope, though faint,
That he, as Tarsus' citizen, may stand
A trophy of victorious grace ; despair
By hope is countervailed, oft baseless hope,
While walks the culprit spared on mercy's ground.
Arrested in his way, the hapless youth
Is hurried off ; nor has a moment's space
For prayer repentant, or for mercy's plea ;
Or having, not improves. As David wailed
His Absalom, so wails the parent now ;
My son ! my son ! O had I died for thee !
My hope is blighted ! sealed thy doom ! My son,
I would to God, that I for thee had died !
Such case let those bereft of infant seed,
Consider well, in all its import deep,
In revelation's, and in reason's scale ;

To thankful tears rebellious griefs must yield ;
O'er infants, sheltered in an early grave.

Eternity is an unchanging now,
Incessant wasting, unimpaired by loss,
Nor nearer to its term, when myriad years
As counted by successive time) have passed ;
No eael runs its measure with the date
Of Self-Existence. Time, since first began
The day and night, is point invisible,
Compared with this ; 't is naught, proportion fails
Twixt finite, extended to the bound
Of utmost possible, and infinite.
Of this dissected give to each his humble share,
A large allowance, four-score years ;
Then bring its sum to nice compare with that
Eternal ; imperceptible it sinks
To less than naught. The disuniting span,
That bars the godly from their happy babes,
Is short ; nor should be waste in fruitless grief.
This point o'erpast ; reunion seals the bond
Immortal. 'T were the wiser then to stand,
Oblivious of the intervenient hour,
With eye uplift, by holiness prepared,
To dwell where dwell our babes.

Disunion now

Of infants from ungodly sires, is seal
Of lasting sever ; if impenitent


They wilful stand ; till cited to the grave.
As spake the victim, most illustrious known
On earth, for spotless innocence, for worth
And object of his death, to mournful friends ;
Weep not for me ; but for yourselves let flow
Your griefs ; calamity of ireful weight
Impends ; so might the infant, rapt in bliss,
From high eternal seat, in warning truth,
His graceless parents charge : Cease griefs for me,
My joy is full, unknown on earth ; your tears
Reserve for woes approaching. Late I saw,
Conducted by angelic guard (when on
Excursive flight to learn the works of God)
A deep abyss, from which the mingled flame,
And smoke sulphureous rose disgorged.
There wail, in hopeless pain, who lived on earth,
In works denying God, and disbelieved
Th' atoning Son, declared by mid-day miracle.
A gulf, deep, broad, impassable, disjoins
Our state from that, o'er which the spirits strive
By many a fruitless flight, to soar, upraised
By venomed hate of all the pure and blest ;
Or darksome hope, that place exchanged might
prove
Perchance a change of pain ; release unhop'd.
In vain the toil ; for spirits vengeance-pressed,
By hand divine, are weak for such high feat ;

E'en phrenzied with despair. My guide informed,
That whole domestic groups were tortured there,
Save those that died in infant years; they reign
Enthroned with us. There is an upward way
From earth to heaven, seen from the distant spheres,
By Calvary's mount for man to climb the skies.
Dear parents search this way, and hither come,
To share with us the joys unspeakable.

The babe, escaped from galling chains of earth,
Mid hosts angelic and his kindred saints,
Is free in heaven. Bright stars around him shine
Irradiant, that each might seem a sun,
If not absorbed by beams incessant poured
From Light Essential. Mid these orbs the babe,
In magnitude though less, in lustre 's one.
Consummate blissfulness admits no more,
Till more enlarged capacity expands.
At every stage of growth, the vessel 's full;
For God is there. Above the arrow's flight,
Sped from death's ebon bow, the dying pang
He feels or dreads no more. Apostate spirits,
That erst in heaven praised, in vain combine
To breathe pollution on his joys, or snatch
Him from the bliss secure; secured by God,
In firm decree, unchanging as his love,
When angel guards, bright ministers of flame
Mid heaven, convoyed upborne the infant soul,

Ransomed from earth, along the lucid way ;
His near approach announced, the golden harps
Prepared a hymn, and hailed his entrance there,
In halleluiahs round the throne. The choirs,
Redeem'd and angel, own him fellow-heir
Of bliss divine, adapt in purity
For works and worship, such as theirs.

The malice of the burning pit disorged,
Through all the tortured millions, hideous roar
And curses, aimed at God, when they beheld
Th' ascending babe (the way is distant seen,
Ethereal light, from hell's dark gloom) assured
That no decoy, by well laid stratagem,
Could now avail ; and force was vain.
Assault impossible ; the will remains
To drag him down, with all the blessed ranks,
And God dethrone : such cordial hate they feel
Towards the good and happy ; they are not.
Where found, in human breast of savage tribe
Ferocious most, the heart so far devoid
Of aught benevolent, that could despoil
This babe of heaven, and doom him still on earth
To meet life's thickened ills ; and jeopard joys,
Eternal joys, possessed secure and full ?
Could one be found, ungenerous for this deed,
Who 'd dare the dreadful stroke, or but express
The will to do ; O parent of the babe,



For mark of curse divine thou 'd search on him,
As that on Cain impressed, who dared the first
To spill a brother's blood. You well might deem,
He was some demon loosed from burning chains,
For guile assuming earthly form. Perchance
Thou art the man, thus foe to thy own babe !
In every selfish, unsubmissive sigh,
And murmuring word, thou dost the hated deed ;
In act not possible, yet in thy wish ;
That not to will of thine or tenderness,
His happy, moveless seat, the babe ascribes,
But to his God, who reigns thy power to hurt.
In others that, condemned of feeling void,
Is not, in thee transmuted into love.


Ye see, amid the glory 'lumin'd throng,
Encircled stand your babe, assured of bliss
Interminate ; would ye, could will prevail,
Recall him thence, or upward reach the hand
To pluck him from his joys ? Such would to him
The hand, as that which grasped on Eden's tree
The fruit inhibited, and brought on man
The penal curse denounced, and all his wo !
The starting tear, his glory could ye see,
Would quick retreat ; his notes if ye could hear
Angelic sung ; the thought, ere yet matured
In graceless murmur, would unformed subside ;

And could, ah ! could ye feel, a space, his joy,
Unhallowed grief to sainted praise would yield.

O'er infant's shrouded corse, would feeling thus
Be stoic deemed, by men not scienced deep
In worlds unmasked, in holy writ ? Instead
Of epithet severe, it merits well
Title of generous love, remitting self ;
Sublimar name it yet demands, to God
Submission unconstrained ; when erring yields
T' omniscieney, as knowing best what should,
And what should not be done. This truth confessed,
A God benevolent holds sovereign rule,
In providence minute, o'er all his works,
Noting the monarch's rise, the sparrow's fall ;
'T were impious to rebel. When midnight dark
Outbeams the dazzling orb ; instruction sage
May man impart, and wisdom promptly teach
T' omniscieney divine. When prowls no more
Numidia's couchant terror ; but, self-moved,
Outvies in meek the docile lamb, then man
Benevolence may teach to God, to Love.
The gospel code not fluent tears forbids
(The selfish grief is that prohibited)
Or sympathy ; this felt the dying Christ
For wretched man ; and those he cordial poured,
Where lay entombed his friend of Mary's house.

Dear Cruden, rapt in holy ecstasy,
Forgive (for heavenly spirits can) the wish,
If selfish prompted in parental hearts,
To spoil thy bliss and bring thee down to earth,
Copartner of their toils and tempted state.
Our sighs responsive met thy dying groans,
And parting tears bedewed thy narrow vault.
At sweet remembrance of thy playful smiles,
They burst afresh, or sad recall of pains
Thou bore ; but instant dry, at thought of thee,
What now thou art, as taught by Christian hope ;
So shrinks, before the sun, a morning mist.
By death of him that bore for man his griefs, •
Thy parents hope to leave, as thou hast done,
This world of sin and pain and death afar,
And share with thee the joys divinely sweet,
Augmenting whiles eternal ages roll.
To spirits heavenly born, the portal death,
Is grace-illumined way, to sainted hosts
Adult and infant ; praise and love their work ;
In holy concert one, and God in all.

These humble strains attuned to note
Of death's uncheering lyre, I pause ; and stand,
In waiting attitude, to hear the call,
Which bids me drop my dust, and mount the skies
To grasp the harp, that sings Redeeming Love.





P O E M S

ON

MISCELLANEOUS SUBJECTS.



MISCELLANEOUS.

THE WATCH CHAIN.

ADDRESSED TO MISS M— D—.

THE watch chain, curious wrought by Mary's hand,
Mary's gift, is prompter of the song.
To reason's eye, in bold relief,
Presents grand lessons, bidding us beware,
Note the moment's flight. By chains we hold
Time's notary, and mark the fleeting hours.
Minutes seconds swift amount, and those
Hours lost, sum up the passing day ;
Days glide by and years on rapid wing,
We scarce perceive their flight, till all are gone,
Life's short span, surprised, has reached the goal.
Unaided we hold time's teller ; bond we 've none
To say himself, who, grasped, has fled unfelt.
Now, 't is past ; "To give it then a tongue
We find in man." Its voice, "if heard aright
A solemn "knell of my departed hours."

The bond that holds united, heart to heart,
Is friendship's chain. When wrought of silken cords
Like Mary's gift, or golden links without alloy
Of baser stuff, 't is durable; no change
By time or rust impressed, it brightens more
By use and age. The fickle and the false
Their selfish hearts by interest bound, cannot,
In friendship's chain, be held; this binds the few
Of soul benevolent, of generous stamp,
Who nobly feel, and feeling, nobly act.

And should this chain to closer union draw
Philander's heart, and be transformed to cords
Of love, entwined of truth and grace and worth,
Melancthon* would Philander favoured greet,
And Mary too, in happy bond for life.
Yes! Mary, these are chains, the closer drawn
The softer felt, nor in them found one link
Of temper harsh or rudely forged, to gall
Or pierce the quick. This chain, I grant, perchance
May fret and make the wearer sore; 't is fault
Of those who wear, the chain is innocent.
Each, at his distant end, too stiffly pulls;
He draws with shocks and violence for self;
Nor yields an inch, when force for conquest tugs.
What wonder then! if thwart and opposite
They pull the chain in maddening strife, it wounds

* A name sometimes assumed by the author.

The Heart and aim and comfort one; the twain,
In bonds for life, have harmony assured,
And are on earth of mortals happiest named.


Unhallowed purpose (not unfrequent this)
Has forged the chain. The innocent have felt
Its massy weight, in dungeons dank and foul,
By haughty lord's absurd caprice immured.
More fatal yet to freedom (heritage
Of man from God) and science, are the chains
By tyrants wrought in church and state,
To fetter reason and impede her march,
Still onward bent to crush the guilty thrones
Built up in blood, sustained by groans and wrongs
Of millions; onward bent to shatter too
The ghostly seat, which holds its myriads bound
In hardest bondage; bondage of the soul.
The purpose is divine; the triumph sure,
Both this and that shall fall. These chains long
forged

Are melting link from link, by genial rays
Of freedom's sun, poured down with lightning's force,
Columbia boasting still the kindling spark.
'T is done, now tribe to tribe, and man to man,
In golden chain of concord, shall be bound,
Each, yielding others' due, his own ensures.

There is a chain, the links all various wrought
Of causes and effects; some splendid shine,

Portentous others seem of wo to man.
It is the chain of providence, unseen
In all its length by human eye, yet framed
By skill infallible, and held by love.
From time's first date till sounds the final trump,
It grasps events with equal strength, the small,
The great, or when a sparrow falls, or when
The mighty Cæsar bleeds. The darkened links
Of this all-grasping chain will burnished seem,
And shine resplendent in celestial light,
When hither end and farther, both are seen,
Each fixed to that high throne where wisdom reigns.

Another chain claims Mary's thought, the chain
Of mercy, wrought by God's incarnate Son.
By this ascends poor, guilty, ruined man,
To bliss blood-bought and free. This chain is strong,
As God's own purpose, sure as love divine,
Infrangible. Seize, Mary, seize to-day
The nether end, with holy confidence,
Inspired by promise of thy God. Through faith,
The arm omnipotent, that holds the chain,
Will lift thee from the burning verge of wo,
Near that high throne, on which the final link,
Secured by love, holds firm, eternal grasp.



CHRISTIAN UNION.

John xvii. 21.

With mingled hearts, O Lord, we come,
To worship at thy feet ;
Here at thine altar we would join,
Around the mercy seat.

The Father God in Christ we see,
In Him, the equal Son ;
So let his saints united be,
In heart and work but one.

United to one Lord of all,
This bond shall still abide, ·
While party names before him fall,
And saints no more divide.

The only strife henceforth we 'll know,
Shall be in love and zeal ;
And hand in hand we 'll onward go,
And thus our union seal.

THE WISE CHOICE.

TO MISS R—— R——.

The record penned, of man's best earthly good,
 Shows sad defect, if woman make no part ;
 And sadly he, devoid of female guide,
 Mistakes the road direct to happiness.
 'T is woful error, fatal to his peace ;
 To trudge alone life's way, nor sympathy
 Nor smile, at his command, to cheer his step ;
 The world to him a joyless, blighted waste.

Would he be happy ? Nature's law forbids
 Till he reverse his course. The solemn rite,
 That binds as one, two souls of kindred stamp,
 Of hope and joy is consummation full.
 But hark ! old Cœlebs frets, and snarling boasts
 (Elate to catch a plea for his dull life)
 That some to tears are bound, and cold neglect.
 'T is true ; but where the fault ? Not in the rite ;
 But in the dolts, that, tied by outward bands,
 Ne'er felt the generous glow of wedded hearts.
 Some charmed with beauty, some with gain, they
 choose

As suits them not, regardless of the taste
 And temper, till too late. The twain well matched
 Miss, perchance, the hoped felicity,

Not skilled in arts to keep the heart ; or pains
To keep, they needless deem. The angry strife
For power and rule, uproots the plant of love,
That tender plant, which withering droops and dies
By negligence, or 'neath the stormy blast.

Yet some, amid this erring world, are wise,
And cautious choose the habits, bent of mind
And taste, accordant with their own ; nor fails
Concern, the prize secured ; the efforts grow
To please and to be pleased. In unison,
The happy pair have ceaseless rivalry ;
Not rivalry for power, but nobler end,
For precedence in sympathy and love.
United hearts, united aims, forbid
All strife ; each reigns, and reason guides their will ;
While peace and joy are fruits abundant reaped.

Where found the friend, affectionate and true,
In troubles near, to sooth the bleeding heart ;
To cheer desponding hope, and joys enhance ?
For friend, of price so high, to woman look ;
Most sure in woman found, transformed to spouse,
In happy nuptial bond. Her worth transcends
Man's laboured dialect ; nor angel tongue
Can speak its full amount. Survey the world,
Make fair report of pains and sorrows healed ;
Of good advanced ; of peace and joy diffused ;
In these, fair woman's worth must stand confessed ;
Confessed by grateful hearts ! but still untold.

THE FAREWELL.

TO MRS. H— P—.

And must thou, Harriet, go ? and must
The brother dear to me ?
'T is pain intense, untold in words,
To part with him and thee.

Thy distant home will not outwing
The flight of prayer and love,
For thee and thine ; 't is all I can ;
But hark ! a voice above !

It is the voice that Abraham heard,
And left his native home ;
Its gentle sound no terror brings,
Nor bids thee friendless roam.

Fear not, my child, the voice proclaims,
I 'll be thy God and guide ;
Thyself and babes trust to my care,
Whatever may betide.

Fear not the dangers of the way,
My hand shall be thy shield ;
To keep thee safe from pending ills
Mine arm shall be revealed.

From friends endeared by Christian ties,
I call thee to depart ;
But others wait, with open arms,
To clasp thee to their heart.

In distant climes thou 'lt quickly find
A sweet and pleasant rest,
Where pious love will give a home
In every Christian breast.

Go labour there, in my blest cause,
A pattern for the saint ;
Go labour there to save the lost,
Nor weary grow or faint.

I am thy God, thy father's God,
I bid thy husband go ;
Then murmur not, I have a work,
A work for him to do.


Go at my call, my ransomed child,
Nor dangers fear or foes,
I am thy God, thy guard and guide,
My presence with thee goes.

COUNSEL TO YOUTH.

ADDRESSED TO MISS M—— P——.


At life's eventful point dear Mary stands,
Elate with hope, nor yet, by sad reverse,
Th' unwelcome doctrine taught, that hope supreme
In earthly disappoints. Gay phantoms flit,
In thousand forms, by fancy dressed, and witch
The young, unreal as the beggar's dream
Of wealth. They dazzle, promise and allure;
To aged counsel deaf, then rapid fly
The ardent youth, in toilsome chase, upborne
By sure expectancy, nor once admit
The stinging thought, that this bright vision may
Anon be wrapt in gloom, and leave them sad
To grope their dreary road, in dismal dark,
Like that by traveller felt, at midnight hour,
When flash succeeding flash, from lowering cloud,
Leaves him yet darker, and confounded more.

Does Mary ask, Is youth made but the sport
Of hope extinguished? Is creation bid
To proffer bliss, then snatch it sternly back,
Amid their eager grasp? Is happiness
Unfelt on earth? Then sure this beauteous world,



With its rich stores, was made in vain. Not so
Infers just reason, sanctified of God.
Close on their birth, man's broken schemes succeed
And withered hopes, and leave unheeded proof
That nothing's sure, beneath the Maker's throne.
Our hope in God; each volant creature hastes
To tender ready mite, for man's full bliss,
As ravens catered for Elijah's use.

There is a hope that brings nor shame, nor grief,
Firm as th' almighty word. Nor grasps this hope
The things minute or earthly; less than crowns,
Dominions, thrones, eternal in their age,
Her eye disdains. Who dares a hope so high?
What eye nor yet hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor heart, aspiring most, conceived, to faith
Assured, is proffered thee, and waits thy will
To take. Redeeming mercy holds, wide spread,
The heavenly charter, writ in Shiloh's blood,
And on it, sealed to faith, the sure amen.
Repent, believe, and hope this mighty bliss,
The boon of grace divine, all undeserved;
All undeserved and therefore sure, it stands
Dependant not on man, but merited
By sacrifice ordained, equivalent.
At mercy's side, revenging justice holds
Displayed, the guilty register of thought
And word and deed ungodly of thy life,



Unnumbered, unconceived by thee. Their dark
Malignity and deep, foretels the doom,
Only alternative to those, who hear
And disbelieve the message, mercy brings.
Alternative of bliss or pain is sure,
Eternal bliss, undying pain ; and which
To thee, thy choice will soon announce. Flee this,
Seize that, suspended each on life's short date,
A twinkling point ; and that precarious held.

The Christian hope, of heavenly birth, reposed
On promises omnipotent, brings down
To bleeding hearts, sweet solace from the skies ;
Transports them calm to time's last hour ; there
throws

Celestial smiles on death's cold face ; and then
Triumphant shouts the conqueror's song ; " O death ;
Where is thy sting ? thy victory where, O grave !"
The conquest won, and glory hailed secure ;
She leaves them in fruition's richer bliss
Unspeakable, eternal, infinite.

Will Mary, in flood-tide of morning hope,
With rapid eye, glance o'er this friendly page,
At life's gay hour unwelcome, throw it by,
And bid the moths devour ? Sport thus with time,
With death, with life, with high unending joy,
And anguish deathless felt, she sure will not !

SANCTIFIED AFFLICTIONS. 181

Thou watchful Guardian, guide of all her steps,
at keep'st her slumbers too, be nigh,
then Mary reads, and whisper to her heart,
strains divinely breathed ; The counsel grave
mands thy first regard ; neglect it not !

SANCTIFIED AFFLICTIONS.

ADDRESSED TO MISS E— D—.

Eliza, child of pain, afflictions whence
their origin ? Judge not, from dust they grow,
spring fortuitous, or hurled by fate,
they fall without design. Eliza, no !
daring head rebellion reared ; then fell
the penal curse, with these dire evils fraught.
That curse transgression drew, and justice armed
omnipotent, had stamped unending date
on all its horrors, had not mercy's hand
benevolent, upheld the falling stroke.
Probation, once again, instead of woes,
awaited man : probation, not of works,
but penitence and faith in Salem's Prince,
eternal Ransom set to save a world,
and death divine, consummate in its worth.

'T is hence our pains and griefs can blessings prove,
 Corrective laid, by Love's indulgent hand ;
 Not penal now, or punitive designed.
 By Shiloh's pain and death, pain sanctified
 Is Christian bliss. Affliction brings sound thought,
 And shows frail man his worth. Affliction bids,
 From present joy and hope, earth's tenants loose
 The grasp ; eternal death of joy and hope
 If held ; yet thousands dying, hold it still.
 Affliction points the soul to realms on high,
 And bids her seize the sure, the proffered rest.

What if thy pains, Eliza, fruit of love,
 By Love controlled, create superior joy,
 And this thy Father's chosen plan ? Now say,
 And couldst thou wish they were not thine ? Ah no !
 Consummate Love selects, and will ordain
 That best for thee ; nor useless pain inflict.
 Each thorn, that pierces now thy shattered frame,
 Is lustrous gem, prepared for future crown ;
 And would Eliza thrust them far, and cloud
 Her diadem ? A Father's hand ordains,
 Protects and saves ; a Father's wisdom guides ;
 Unerring this, and that omnipotent,
 Achieving bliss immortal, infinite,
 Eternal fruit of his benevolence.

Afflictions come (and so in heaven confessed)
 The benedictions rich, of Love supreme.

Celestial light (in that their worth is seen)
 Throws vivid hues amid their sombrous shade,
 And opens to vision now the joy untold,
 By pains secured, enhanced by their review
 When past, eternal past, the fruit enjoyed.
 O joy immortal, hail, Eliza, hail
 The moment's pang, though shaking to its fall
 The clay-reared tenement. But mortal pang
 A price too poor for heaven's high bliss;
 Thy pain is minister to mould the soul
 O joy, blood-bought by pains of God's own Son.
 Now sink to naught the griefs, though multiform,
 Of mortal strife, to life's last verge prolonged,
 A contrast set with joys immutable,
 Estatic, growing, fixed as God's high throne.

To Love omnipotent thy all submit;
 Eliza, then by grace, thy raptured tongue
 Shall chant the victor's song; the victor's crown
 Unfading deck thy brow, while age on age,
 Eternal as they roll, shall swell thy notes
 Celestial hymned, 'T was grace, all grace, all love.

A N Y T H I N G .

TO MISS A— E— F—.

Dear Ann Eliza bids the muse awake
And chant her humming note on "*any thing*."
The *any thing*, my young confiding friend,
Has ruined thousands; myriads unalarmed
Its victims yet will fall. It throws its lure
And takes by guile th' unwary and the young.

The little Miss will read just *any thing*,
The airy novel or the lightsome page,
That turns intelligence to fancy's freaks
And makes her what the fair should scorn to be,
Mere nothing in the scale of female worth.

The maiden, midway in her airy teens,
Buoyant with pride of wealth or charms, or name,
Says *any thing*, but what is lady-like,
And cuts her silly capers wild and rude.
Such vagrant mind perchance may heedless wed
With its own like, with *any thing* or naught,
And *any thing* but happiness ensues.
Dear Ann Eliza, when arrived at age
To choose for life, eschew the *any thing*;
Select the temper mild, the purpose firm,
Nor pass intelligence with virtue joined.

Around you look, and see, dear girl,
The crowds of *any things* in bustle merged,
By indecision lost. To-day they 're this,
To-morrow that; their busy life, devoid
Of steadfast aim, rolls on, achieving naught.
'T is pity, man should be, e'en for this world,
The *any thing* that circumstance may mould;
But greater pity that immortal man
Should trust so willingly the *any thing*,
When endless bliss is proffered to his choice.
Some own no God, and some no Saviour own;
Some look to this for hope and some to that,
To *any thing*, but truth with seal divine.

For earth the *any thing* may pass; for heaven
It jeopards all; once lost, forever lost.

CONTENTMENT FOUND.

TO MISS A— M— P—.

Does Anna ask, mid life's gay morn,
Where she content may find?
And does she seek to know indeed
The way to peace of mind?

Some say, in fashion's mazy dance

The pearl you seek is found :

Ah ! no, 't is not in fashion's whirl,

In all her giddy round.

Some say, in wealth the pearl is hid,

Seek wealth and ne'er despair :

But how much gold will fill the mind ?

Ah ! no, content 's not there.

Some say, in gaiety and mirth

The hidden secret lies :

Ah ! no, seek not in mirth and sport

This pearl if you be wise.

Now hear, young Anna, kindly hear

A stranger's friendly voice ;

Content is found in pious hope

Of future, holy joys.

SLEEP.

•

TO MISS M — L — H —.

I sing mysterious sleep ; the task assigned
By fair Louisa. Gently thus enjoined,

•

By lady's wish, dare he, deep in arrears
To female worth, meet it with cold neglect ?
Though to instruct or please inadequate.

Sweet sleep is tired nature's wholesome balm,
Such sleep as infants know, refreshed and free
From pains and cares ; or such as that profound,
Which man enjoys, when conscience whispers peace,
For strikes, with angry sting, the guilty soul.
A measure used, and ne'er indulged beyond
What nature bids, and active life may claim,
Sleep is medicinal ; but in excess
Wearies strength, and murders fleeting time.

Some, like the night birds, snore the morning off,
O songsters of the grove, as adders, deaf,
And flee, like bats, the glories of the dawn.
Where chance their slumbers broke, they wake and turn,
And sleep again ; and then, at lazy length,
They stretch their limbs and fold their arms to snatch
A little sleep, a little slumber more.

Man's life is one short span, and of this mite,
A needless sleep, large measure is curtailed,
Though high and noble hopes demand the whole.

The dreaming infidel talks of a sleep
A sanctioned truth unknown, a sleep, from which
The thinking soul, if not impelled by guilt,
Unpardoned guilt, with shuddering horror shrinks,
Annihilation. This, his brightest hope!

And this, how full of doubts and boding fears !
Ah ! no, there is no deep, no hiding place,
Where souls, immortal souls, unconscious sleep ;
They live, they feel, while Self-existence lives,
Recounting endless years of joy or pain.

There is a sleep to Christian hope assured,
Sweet slumber of the tomb ; the rest of saints.
They " sleep in Jesus," waiting that blessed morn,
When loud the trumpet's sound shall wake their
sleep,

And bid them rise in new and glorious dress,
Enstamped with seal divine, immortal set
On sainted hosts, they wake to sleep no more.
New glories beam, and brighter still unveiled
At every point, progressive onward, meet
The raptured throng, and swell their ceaseless joy.

Methinks I hear Louisa gently chide,
" To three-score years the grave of right belongs,
The morning of my life claims something gay."
The faith and hope of Christian birth and growth
Forbid not earthly joys legitimate ;
But sweeten life with blessed expectancy
Of higher joys than highest earth can yield.
This hope, inwrought by grace omnipotent,
May dear Louisa feel, and fix, in faith,
Her longing eye on joys that never fade.

PIETY AND FRIENDSHIP.

TO MRS. R— M—, A YOUNG WIDOW.

With every power alert of mind and nerve,
 Urged on by zeal, untiring as the sun
 In daily circuits, all are in pursuit
 Of happiness; but few the prize attain.
 And why? Forsooth the eager multitude,
 Unwarned by vain experiments oft made,
 Expect the pearl where wisdom cries, 'T is not.
 Nothing of earthly growth, in varied form
 Of wealth or power or fame, has potency
 To save from cares and set the soul at ease.
 The voice from truth inspired, announcing death
 To all beneath the sun, prophetic comes
 And bids man feel, he needs yet something more.
 He needs, for future use, a heritage
 To meet his wants, when earth and all its claims
 Avail him not; a rich inheritance
 Unwasting as his immortality.

And can such heritage, amid time's change,
 Be found by erring man? There is a light,
 Emitted from the high, eternal throne,

That on this darkened world with lustre shines,
 And points the road to this inheritance.
 From midst this light, as that on Tabor's mount,
 The voice divine proclaims ; " To Jesus come,
 Th' atoning Lamb, 't is mercy's chosen way ;
 To Jesus come, in humble penitence,
 With faith and love obedient to his will.
 To such, and only such, he kindly says ;
 Mansions await you in my Father's house,
 Your final rest ; a sure, eternal home ;
 Where sin no more annoys, and bliss is full.

The Christian's hope triumphant lifts the soul
 Above the dread of change, or final end
 Of all the visible, and grasps the sure
 Unending joy, the gift of sovereign grace.
 This hope possessed, sustained by Gospel truth,
 Gives zest to all of earth, when rightly used,
 And patient bears the pilgrim's toil and pain.

A friend to share our joys, or take a part,
 In kindest sympathy, when troubles press
 Is earth's most rare, most precious gift. A friend,
 A second self, to stay the tottering step,
 To ease the stricken heart and joys enhance,
 Who could, who would refuse ? The lonely sir,
 That drags in solitude his dreary life,
 Uncheered by love and smiles of kindly spouse,
 Knows not the tithe of social joy. The fair,

Why should they trudge on their lonely path,
 dreary too, without a friend, in whom,
 in themselves, they can confide? Two things,
 Christian's hope and that dear friend we love
 call our own, and bound in heart to heart,
 boons, the richest, best, e'er known on earth.
 Dear Rachel, hear the counsel of a friend,
 are them both, and happiness is thine.

BEAUTY.

TO MISS H— W—.

We charmed behold the azure sky,
 Expanded without measure ;
 But soon o'ercast with lowering clouds
 It yields no more this pleasure.

We see the plains in verdant robes
 Display their richest covering ;
 But winter comes with blighting cold,
 And round the hearth we 're hovering.

We see the fragrant, blushing rose,
 All flowers else outvying ;
 But soon behold its beauty fade,
 And mourn its early dying.

We see the Ceres bloom at night
And pressing crowds admiring ;
When morning comes, it droops its head
And sheds its rich attiring.

We see the "human face divine,"
In beauty all excelling ;
But soon its beauty fades away,
How soon ! defies our telling.

There is a bloom, immortal bloom,
All-beauteous and unwaning,
That saints in glory ever wear,
And richer still remaining.

The day, the last of days arrived,
The Judge of all descending
With glory crowns the sainted host, 't
With glory never ending.

This glory would dear Hester wear ?
To faith 't is freely given ;
Of mercy ask and you 'll receive,
It is the robe of heaven.

BATH.

TO MISS A— M— A—.

The bounteous streams are poured from under-
neath

The mountain's base, its tops with forests clad,
Its slopes in living green. In front, the plain
Outspread and bounded by opposing hills,
Is site select for mansions of repose
And dweller's home. Midway the pebbled brook
In silence glides. Complete is nature's work,
And impress bears of high designing skill,
Inviting tardy art to add her charms.

Hither the halt by chronic maladies,
For healing come; and few in vain resort.
The limpid waters, pure for draught or bath,
In rich abundance flow, of temperature
Well nigh the summer's shaded atmosphere.
At Bath, as at Bethesda, invalids,
Borne on their beds from distant homes, oft plunged,
Return not rarely healed, and bless the fount,
Forgetting Him that gave its healing power.

The varied, neat, and bounteous fare well-served,
The temperance rule prescribed, the social cheer

And comely order the Pavilion claims,
Invite the stranger and assurance pledge,
He must, if not a Cynic, be well pleased.

Such kind provision bounteous Heaven makes
To cure diseases of our mortal frame,
And cheer the pilgrim as he journeys on.
What heart insensible, obdurate most,
Feels not the thankful glow for grace so great ?
But souls to keener pains and deeper woes
Yet poignant more are held by justice bound.
Is there no fount, no pure and healing stream,
To cure this plague, the soul's dire malady.

Yes, Ann Maria, yes, there is a fount,
A living stream ; a fount, a stream of blood,
That flowed, in mercy, from Messiah's veins.
This crimson stream has virtues all-divine ;
It can, it does, undying life impart
To all that come in faith and holy love.
Thus may Maria come, be healed and live,
Forever live in joys unspeakable.


BATH, Aug. 1836.

TIME.

TO MISS C— M—.

Some dig for golden ore ; some dive for pearls,
and some for gains encounter sea and storm ;
and sleepless watch, with Vestal's eye, their hoard,
be it its use, with life's short day, expires.
There is, dear Caroline, a treasure full,
so rich to be with gold or diamonds poised ;
but few its value scan, its worth compute,
guard it with incessant care. Unsought
comes to all ; to thee it comes a gift
asked. 'T is thine to save from rueful waste
and spend to good account. Misused it seals
a wo that kills all hope ; if wisely spent
gives assurance strong of endless joy.

What is this treasure, rated more than gold
ocean pearls ? 'T is time ; probation time.
And what is time ? In one brief line of life
successive points, in unremitting change,
it onward still. That future none dare claim,
nor can the past recall ; the present point,
when come, is gone. Time is th' eventful day



Of grace divine, in which, in which alone,
To penitence and faith in mercy's scheme
The proffered pardon stands by promise sure.
Eternity, for weal, depends on time well used
For time's great work ; and endless feels
The agony of time misspent and gone.

Will Caroline, for giddy fashion's sake,
Turn prodigal and squander aught of that,
In which her all of bliss, eternal all
Is deep involved ? Ah ; if she spend for naught,
Give jewels, diamonds, all that earth holds dear,
Give these to garnish ocean's coral bed ;
But give not time to trifles light as air,
And jeopard all that Heaven accounts of worth.

The world has thousand tricks to pilfer time
And hide from their own eyes its fatal end,
When comes the final, fearful reckoning.
The silly novel, theatre and cards,
And dice and dance, are engines artful framed
To murder Time, and guild his mangled corse,
That throngs may trample and be merry still,
As Tullia trampled on her murdered sire,
In guilty haste to reach his vacant throne.

Eternity, by pain and bliss, can tell,
Impressive tell the worth of days and hours,
When days and hours are gone, if misimproved
Or filled with faith and love and works thence sprung

Seize first, dear girl, in youthful prime, the hope
The Gospel brings, then trust thy all, for life,
For death, for worlds to come, to truth divine
And hands omnipotent to save and bless.

WOMAN.

The firmament, with sun and moon and stars
Adorned ; the earth with life of thousand forms,
And man upreared in image of his God,
Proclaimed the Maker's hand, and stood pronounced,
By Him that made, each perfect in its kind.
Yet social man, in all he saw above,
Beneath, around, no mate for him could see,
Till waking from his sleep profound, he gazed,
With raptured eye, on woman, counterpart
In form and essence, consummation full
Of his desire, and crown of works divine.

Ordained at first, the law uncanceled stands,
That she, of frame more tender wrought than man,
In clear intelligence than he not less,
Should hold superior grade, in all that charms,
Adorns and sweetens life. The mountain top
Uplifted bold, aspiring to the skies,

Could show no grandeur, save by solar beams
O'erspread; nor meads and vales, in flowery dress,
Could beauteous seem, but as reflected rays
Give all the tints and verdure to the eye;
Thus man has grace, reflecting female charms.
Say what is man, in climes where woman's power
Unnerved, is held in chains? where gentle traits
Seem blemishes, and meet but ruffian scorn?
There man is savage; savage too he will,
He must remain, till taught to yield his heart
To woman's tender sway, to mould it right.
This sway unsought she'll hold, her rights confess
Her worth full prized, where truth divine gives law
Insolvent debtor she to holy writ.

Man fills the higher seat of governance,
Direction and control; albeit a sphere,
Important more, to woman stands assigned,
To train up man in temper, thought and deed,
For his appropriate task. The harder toil,
To fell the forest, drive the plough and meet
The tug of war, is man's befitting work;
The softer sex far other task awaits.
Around the mother's knee, her sons are taught
Truth, justice, honour, graced with all the train
Of tender sympathies, which give renown
To deeds heroic dared. The rudiments
Of character, by timely matron zeal,


Are formed ; or rarely formed for worthy fame.
She draws, on tender hearts of her young charge,
The lines, by which in manly growth, they're known ;
Unhallowed toil ! when they are drawn oblique.
Her daughters too, as parchment from the type,
Receive transferred the mother's character,
Or dark or fair, to pass it onward still.

Amid a world of broken vows and hopes,
Where is the friend sincere for man ? Where one,
Whose heart will feel his pain, his joy ? Where one
To hush his sigh and calm his troubled soul ?
Ah, where the friend, in bonds unbroke, who 'll wipe
The falling tear, in sickness soothe, in death
His guardian angel stand ? Th' untiring friend
That feels man's pain and joy, that sinks his sigh,
And calms his troubled breast, that wipes the tear
And kindles hope, in sickness soothes, and stands
A guardian angel at his dying couch,
Is mother, daughter, wife, or sister named.

Exclude the fair ; say what is social bliss ?
A pearl hard sought, unfound. As well we might,
At midnight hour, for vivid landscapes seek,
With glowing beauties graced ; as soon expect,
From tenants of the pool, symphonious notes,
As hope sweet harmony and cheer of soul,
Where woman's voice and smile inspire no joy.

And what were charities of life, and schemes
Benevolent, firm bond of man with man,
His brightest glory, and his feast of soul,
If woman were not life and soul of all ?
The social plans, which rise as new-born suns,
To shed o'er earth celestial light, and soothe
Unnumbered sorrows, spring from female hearts,
Or onward roll, by female hands impelled,
And urged by zeal unwasting as their love.
Th' unwearied sun his daily circle moves,
Dispensing light and life ; so woman's worth
Is seen, is felt, in all the joys of earth,
In man's best hopes ; and when, the sun withdrawn
We've gladsome day ; felicity we'll crave
No more from woman's smile, nor ask her love.

Hail happy age ! emerged from clouds, which er
Obscured fair woman's worth, and man's best hope.
High culture now, in majesty, she claims
As native right, not a reluctant boon,
Rich culture of the mind, and grasps at more
Than forms external, and the grace of mien.
Thrice happy he, who labours in her cause
T' inspire her taste, and raise to higher grade,
Her consciousness of native rank and worth,
And lead her through untrodden fields, all rich
With golden fruits. On him her angel smile



Shall rest, and light his path to life's last verge ;
 And on his tomb, in grateful tears she'll write,
"Here lies the friend and guardian of the fair."

CONJUGAL HAPPINESS.

TO MR. G— H—, and MRS. M— E— A— R— H—.

RECENTLY MARRIED.

Sweet Mary, my dear, we're embarked on the sea,
 A voyage for life we've begun ;
 In Love's little bark, on the waves we will play,
 Thy smiles be the star and the sun.

While dew-drops or rain on the earth shall descend,
 The sun on the mountains shall shine,
 In sickness and health, be assured of a friend,
 Who boasts that his heart is all thine.

I'm happy my Grafton, with thee to set sail,
 In Love's little bark we will glide,
 Thy fondness it never, no never can fail ;
 Then happy I'll be in my guide.

When furrowed thy brow, with anguish oppress:

Thy Mary with smiles will be near,
She cannot be happy and see thee distressed,
Thy sorrows and griefs she will cheer.

In mutual endearment for port we will steer,
With conjugal bliss the rich freight ;
Though currents oppose and winds often veer,
Affection will comfort create.

THE LITTLE SUP.

The Temperance cause, I wish it well ;
It cries, "To help come up ;"
Help you that choose, but for myself,
I love a little sup.

The noble effort I approve,
And ever cry it up ;
But I 'll not sign the pledge, because
I love a little sup.

The Doctor says, "It hastens death,
And why not quit the cup ?"
And so I would, but—I know why—
I love a little sup.


The preacher urges next, "'T is sin
And shames the Church, give up!"
My secret plea is stronger yet,
I love a little sup.

Ten thousand tortured wives cry out,
With beggared babes, "Give up!"
I hear their cries and pity, but—
I love a little sup.

The spirits lost, in anguish shriek,
"O quit the poisoned cup!"
I feel the terror strike, but—still
I love a little sup.

All argument I can outbrave,
That bids, "The pledge take up;"
This one is proof against their force,
I love a little sup.

Though groans and blood, and death and hell,
All cry, "Forsake the cup!"
I know 't were best; but then—but then—
I love a little sup.



THE WATCH PAPER.

ADDRESSED TO MISS F— R— D—.

Sacred memento ! stamped with worth for sake
Of her that gave, and for the counsel brought.
Eternity and time unite their call
To me, on this small circle, urged by force
Of emblem ! emblem of what man should do.
The busy bee, exemplar wise to teach
The reasoned throng their duty, hastes to store
His cell with luscious hoard, while nature blooms,
Nor deathful frost has clad the blighted earth,
In shroud sepulchral. This, his harvest day ;
And well he guards it from that woful waste,
Which man so lavish makes. The summer gone,
His store house filled ; reposed in safe retreat,
He feasts at his rich board, nor feels the storm
Of winter's fierce relentless rage. And time
Is harvest day of man ; short season lent
To gather, for eternal use, full store.

And canst thou, Frances, tell what moment ends
This day, this harvest time, to thee, to me ?
The point invisible, on which we stand,
Is all we claim, and all we can ; the past

rns no more ; to us the future mite
ortioned, lies deep veiled in God's decree,
hastens on its ceaseless flight ; a year,
ay, an hour perchance, brings up its close.
en what ? Eternity untried, unfelt
import dread, to dying deathless man.
en what ? Unending joy is thine, is mine,
r ceaseless wo ! Extatic bliss, too vast
'or words, for thought, progressive still,
Will meet us with the trump of dying time ;
Or wrath omnipotent poured endless down,
Will whelm us in eternal night, deep charged
With horrors insupportable. On time,
On time precarious too, a day, an hour,
Hangs all this mighty gain, this rueful loss ;
That gain once made, eternal made ; the loss
Incurred, is sealed, unchanging, remediless,
Say, lovely Frances, does the solemn work,
To meet prepared this point, of vast exchange,
Engross thy time, thy thought ? Immortal breathed,
Thy soul demands inheritance divine,
Unfading, incorrupt, reserved where comes
No blast of death, nor change of years. Youth blooms,
Hope charms ; most false most placed on earth ; but
soon
(How soon nor man nor angel knows,) blithe youth
And magic hope, must end their airy dreams.

Hast thou that hope confirmed, celestial wrought,
 Which, anchored sure within the vail, will keep
 Thy peace unwrecked amid the storms of life;
 Unhurt by death, will pilot thy sure step
 To heaven's high portal; then, all gained that fills
 Thy largest wish, retire and leave thee blest?

Will Frances bear the poet's solemn lay,
 On dying time and dread eternity;
 A theme harsh grating on the youthful ear?
 A grating theme, I grant, to thought and taste
 Of merry days, when hope is fancy's child;
 But dear to Frances, or I know her not.

THE MOTHER'S DEATH.

TO MISS S—C—H—.

How sweet the name of mother sounds!
 'T is charming to the ear,
 Nor aught, that's known beneath the skies,
 Can boast a name more dear.

The lovely, gentle, bland and kind,
 Are centered in that name,
 Attractive more than heaps of gold,
 Or loudest trump of fame.

A mother's worth, and who can tell ?
Or how shall it be known ?
'T is seen in life, and felt in death ;
But taught by loss alone.

Dear Caroline, and dost thou say ?
I 'm left without a guide ;
My father's voice I hear no more,
My mother too has died.

Fear not, my friend, amid thy griefs,
Thou wilt endearing share
A sister's constant, tender love,
A brother's watchful care.

Fear not, Jehovah Jesus reigns,
He guards and he defends ;
He 'll guide thee safe, in duty's path,
To bliss that never ends.

The busy work of all that throng unblest,
Is urged untiring, cursing God and adding pangs
To others' wo ; yet knowing well, their own
Intolerable, is by each deed enhanced.
The social principle is seen and prized,
By potency to yield high joy in heaven ;
And by its want in hell, (the dismal deep
Is named, lest it be felt,) its worth is told.

In man this social spring assumes new form,
And acts with force, concentrated in its choice
Of that dear friend, or husband named or wife.
Wise ordinance ! mere strangers meet, and feel
The friendly bond, transmuted into love,
High o'er all earthly ties preeminent,
Holding in one the twain identified.
When in this union kindred spirits meet,
Where reign pure love, kind words, and actions kind
'T is consummation of terrestrial bliss ;
'T is fount of tears, if cold indifference rule,
Or dark suspicion lurk ; if angry scowls
Bedim the face, or wordy storms awake.

No plant so tender springs or grows as love ;
Nor will it thrive, devoid of nurturing care ;
Nor yet in soil to noxious weeds resigned.
Safe sheltered from the frosts, and blighting winds
Of chilling winter, and the withering stroke

Of summer suns, it well repays the hand
That nursed, in harvests rich of fragrant fruits.

Thus may Eliza and her mate glide down,
With peaceful gales, on life's meandering stream,
In each the other blest, and both in God ;
And when, in death, their little bark is wrecked,
On seraph's wings, triumphant may they soar,
To evergrowing and eternal bliss.

THE TWO SISTERS.]

TO MISS A—— and MISS M—— D——.

Now, tell me, ye sisters, what song you will crave,
In grateful return for the present you gave ;
The poet would please, and at this he would aim,
To meet Ariana's and Margaret's claim.

To speak of your charms, is but telling the truth,
Both lovely in grace and the beauty of youth ;
This fact you may learn by inspecting the glass ;
But wisdom will whisper, these charms will soon pass.

Your gentleness, kindness and suavity prove,
Your hearts are attuned to affection and love,

The busy work of all that throng unblest,
Is urged untiring, cursing God and adding pangs
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But wisdom will whisper, these charms will soon pass.

Your gentleness, kindness and suavity prove,
Your hearts are attuned to affection and love,

Well moulded to feel and impart all around
The pleasure unpained, which so rarely is found.

Your candour I know, it forbids me to fear,
That truth in plain dress will offend the young ear ;
The truth from the skies, with the seal of your God,
Now tendering salvation, the purchase of blood.

In robes were you dressed, which Immanuel hath
wrought,
You 'd beauteous appear, without blemish or spot ;
Then angels would gaze, and Jehovah approve
To see you arrayed by the Son of his love.

Your goodness and duties, if rested upon,
Are beggarly rags to present at the throne,
Where, utterly vile, they 're rejected and scorned,
And welcomed are none not divinely adorned.

Though nature, in measure unstinted, bestow
Her richest and choicest on mortals below ;
Not these will prepare the receiver for heaven,
Their heart must be changed, and their sins all forgiven.

The Spirit is willing to cleanse and renew,
And penitent hearts to allegiance subdue,

To kindle a flame of pure love and devotion,
Which floods cannot quench though drained were the
ocean.

The soul now redeemed, blest heir of the skies,
New mansions, on pinions of faith, she descries,
Breathes after her God and the bright worlds above,
With hope to be blest, in the fulness of love.

Now, dear Ariana and Margaret, say,
In view of the last and the great burning day,
When Jesus for judgment and triumph descends,
What more could I wish than to see you his friends?

THE ALBUM.

FOR MISS E— S— B—.

The Album, spotless page, unsullied yet,
Invites impressions pure, of thought and style,
That teach the heart to feel, as reason bids.
Its leaf unstained, is emblem just and true,
Of man's primeval state in paradise;
Divinely formed, he stood upright and pure,
Till on his spotless soul, the darkened lines,

Were drawn, impressed by Satan's ruthless hand.
On man then fell the curse omnipotent,
That bade him live, and all his race unborn,
In toil and pain ; then meet the death incurred.
The withering curse spread wide its blighting march,
O'er all the earth and every living kind,
To man subservient once ; hence barren wastes
And frozen climes ; the warring elements,
With deathful damps, and earth's disordered face.
The stain, deep-wrought in all our kind, is fount
Of impious deeds, and hate and fraud ; of wars
And guilty strifes, that drench the earth with blood.

And must this blotted page abide still dark,
Amid the spotless leaves of nature's book ?
It must not ; will not ; He that breathed the soul,
The darkened lines will surely raze, and write,
With his own hand, the living characters,
Indelible, on man reclaimed by grace ;
The promise is divine, it cannot fail.

To aid the high decree, Jehovah calls
United agencies ; by instruments,
Not miracle, He rolls his purpose on.
Can he, redeemed by Jesus' dying love,
Be heartless in this work ; or indolent ?
Can pious prayer or zeal or ready alms,
E'er faint or fail, till man, refined or rude,
From pole to pole, shall know Immanuel's grace ;

all yield the willing heart, the bended knee?
And can the Church her holy effort cease,
All when this blotted page of nature's book,
New-wrought by grace, record a Saviour's work,
And tell the wonders of redeeming love;
The wonders seen in thousand millions saved?

FOURTH OF JULY.

Jehovah reigns, let earth and sky
Adoring raise their voices high,
And sing his power controlling all,
When nations rise or kingdoms fall.

To thee, O God, our gracious king,
Our joyful songs we grateful bring;
'T was by thy wise and strong decree,
Our fathers willed, and we are free.

When veteran hosts assailed our land,
Our help was Thy almighty hand;
It raised us up though weak and low,
And hurled confusion on the foe.

And when the victor's sword was sheathed,
Thy Spirit on our sages breathed ;
'T was He inspired the wondrous plan,
That seals and guards the rights of man.

Our rights infringed, the trump's alarm,
For second strife, bade freemen arm ;
Our fathers' God was still our shield,
And brought us conquerors from the field.

O Lord, we plead in humble strain,
May blood-bought freedom still remain
To bless the millions of our land,
While rivers flow and mountains stand.

This day, the first in freedom's count,
A burning signal on the mount,
O may it shine from shore to shore,
Till slaves and despots be no more.

May still the flame be onward hurled,
Till it o'erspread th' unfettered world,
And tune all hearts, in strains the high'st
To worship God and own his Christ.



WOMAN'S WORTH.

TO MISS R— C— C—.

The last, the crowning work of works divine,
Ere Sabbath came, was woman, formed for man,
With highest grace adorned to charm the heart.
In guardless hour, the fruit inhibited
She plucked and ate, and gave her yielding spouse ;
Whence ruin sprang to them and all their race,
A blasted paradise and blighted earth.
Her grace and power to charm were instant lost, '
By conscious guilt, till Love inscrutable
Spake pardon, peace, and joys divinely full.

In Gospel lands, birth-place of woman's rights,
Her claims confessed, once more she wields control,
By soft, persuasive force, invincible,
From infant dawn to life's remotest verge,
Averting thousand ills, assuaging griefs,
And prompting man to his high destiny.
Mid ethnical hordes, unwarmed with Gospel rays,
Far other grade is injured woman's lot ;
Dragged from her native height, her worth unknown,
Contemned, she 's doomed to fill a menial's place.

And must she lie in fetters bound, whose chain
Would melt by Gospel beams, and she be free
To know her rights, to work the works of grace,
And make, as paradise, the desert bloom ?

Fair woman's worth and zeal, apostles penned ;
And He of Bethlehem, while homeless here,
Oft felt her pious care, and well approved.
And now, from heaven's high throne, with voice
divine,

Reverberant on earth, he claims of all,
But most of woman claims, as debtor most
For rights regained, to live, to act for Him,
And spread from pole to pole redeeming grace.
And what response will dear Rebecca give
To claims so high from Prince Immanuel ?
Ere asked, the answer comes ; " I 'm his, fast bound
By dying love ; by daily grace constrained,
To Him I 'll live ; live for a ruined world."

Accept, dear, charming friend, the bidden lay,
Remembrancer, when mountains stretch between,
Till we shall meet ; shall meet to part no more.



INDECISION.

TO MISS J— W— B—.

This indecision why ? This halting still,
What means it, Jane, 'tween mercy's call to life,
Immortal life, and pleasure's song, that lures,
Then kills the soul ? A soul condemned, to death
Adjudget, eternal death, doth hesitate
To take the pardon, priced at blood divine,
And live ; 't is strange ! A moment's parley here
Is folly, madness, all that can be named
To reason adverse most, and to the claims
Of interest, deathless as the soul. And why
This parley ? Earth-born pleasures charm the young,
Their eye, their ear, and hold the soul entranced.
Now scan these dear delights ; come look them
through ;
What is their worth e'en if legitimate,
Unsanctified of God ? This is their sum ;
To please, to charm the moment as it flies,
And leave a woful work for future thought ;
Reflection's certain work, nor long delayed,
Of deep regret, and poignant grief. Alas !

For them th' exchange was endless joy. Amid
The giddy whirl, say, dar'st thou pause and think ?
Glance back on life ; soul-murdering guilt affrights,
In grace abused, in slighted privilege,
The waste of time, neglect of God, of Christ,
Look onward, steadfast look on that to come ;
No heaven, no God is thine. Next pry within ;
Does conscious peace pervade thy breast ? Nay ;
peace,

Where dwells not God, is stranger too.
Break off this parley ; seize the offered boon,
For on the doubtful moment, fleet as thought,
May hang thy heaven or hell. And is it naught
To thee, undying soul, which shall be thine ?
To dwell with blissful hosts, with Christ, with God,
And mount from joy ecstatic, higher still
To joy superior gained, in endless rise,
Where bliss enjoyed is lost in happy thought,
Still stretching on to fuller bliss ; or sink
In darkness horrid, palpable, to pain
Of quenchless flame and living worm, made keen
By fell despair, forbidding hope at date
Most distant. Say, is this and that alike
To thee ? A deathless death lost souls endure ;
Then take the proffered life at mercy's hand.

What says dear Jane ? Youth must have sport.
Then go,

If sport with dangers insignificant
Will satisfy ; go, sport, in merry mood
Before the lion crouched to make his leap ;
Go, sport, in frisky airs, on the tall mast,
When thickening tempests sweep the earth ; when
 clouds

Terrific roll, the lightnings blaze, and peal
On peal of thunder, shakes the trembling globe ;
When shrouds, in fragments rent, howl in the wind,
And billows dash, commissioned to destroy ;
But sport not with the hand omnipotent,
Uplift to strike, delayed by mercy's plea,
One fleeting day, an hour perchance, or less.
Could dainties feast, or music charm the guest
Of Syracuse, reclined beneath the sword,
Hung on a hair ? And what, dear Jane, can charm
A soul o'er which impends the sword of wrath,
That quick as thought may deathful fall ; e'en now,
While thou bidd'st mercy wait thy far settime.

The stranger's lay, and does it fall unfelt
On thy young ear ? Then seest thou, Jane, that full
Majestic form, with whitened locks, and step
Enfeebled, tottering down life's farthest verge,
The legate of the skies commission bears,
Impressed with God's high seal ; regard his word,
His blessing prize. He speaks ; give ear ! My child,
Thy father's love is thine ; thy joy, thy grief,

Is joy or grief to me. My counsel mark,
Enhanced by time expired, death at his post,
Eternity, my all of worth, arrived.
Repent, believe, obey, thy God demands.
Thy soul secure, naught else is jeopard'd ;
But all at fearful risk, the soul unsaved.
With love of God, of man, the heart replete,
Thy words will flow instructive, holy, pure,
While deeds of high benevolence adorn
Thy life, and bid men own, Religion's love.
And shall I live to see thee such? This soul,
Though pressed with years, would catch its long-
youth,

Exalt my God, in strains angelic hymned,
And burst, in ecstasy, its prison house ;
For thy dear hand would close these death-dim
eyes.

But ah, my Jane, and shall the friendly voice,
As from the grave returning back, from lips
Paternal, strike a daughter's heedless ear ?
And wilt thou pain thy father's dying couch,
By weeping there, a graceless child, in view
Of his triumphing soul, and bid him die,
Perchance to meet thee not, save once again,
At Heaven's high throne, for final judgment set,
To testify ; he warned, entreated, prayed,
Reproved and wept ; but Jane, his Jane would die

THE GLOVES.

ADDRESSED TO MISS I— K—.

The northern blast, cold streaming from the hills,
Bids shivering mortals wrap in warm attire,
And hover round the hearth ; while it rebukes
Of negligence my tardy muse, to leave
Unsung so long the gloves, a welcome gift
Of Isabella's hand. A timely help
Is doubly prized, and prized still more when lent
By female hands, the fruit of their own skill.

Were gloves unknown, where reigns, in icy
climes,

The Autocrat, or mid Norwegian snows,
The biting frost would leave man fingerless.
Like thousand other guards against the ills,
Which menace man, the glove unheeded shields,
And ministers the glow of kindly warmth.
This genial glow I felt, and thanked the hand
Which framed the gift ; then thought, how blest the
poor,

Where eyes benevolent keep watch for wants,
And willing hands supply. Such offices

Are silken cords to bind the rich and poor,
In friendship's work, and make them feel they 're
one.

In days of Errantry, when Quixote roamed
To meet antagonist, renowned in deeds,
For Donna's love, and Sancho trembled by,
The daring glove was challenge for the strife.
This thrown, bade dauntless chieftain take it up ;
Prepare his lance, and meet the prowtest knight
For life or death, for Donna or defeat.
Thus roamed the chivalrous in quest of wrongs,
By ruthless hands, inflicted on the fair.
And what, in rights or rank secured, they owe
To valorous knights, Cervantes may portray ;
But truth, with trumpet tongue, will tell the world
The Gospel understood, the Gospel felt,
Is charter, sealed on high, of female rights,
Of female privilege ; nor more they need.
This charter indefeisable, of claims
Assured inviolate, demands their thought,
Their love and zeal untiring to advance.

The glove, of kid or silk, has splendid use,
Which inexperienced fair would willing try,
To adorn the bridal hand, that trembling leans
On Hymen's altar. Yet how oft, if there
The biped brute were scanned, to whom she binds
Herself a child of wo, would mortal chill

Freeze up the fount of life ; o'erwhelm with tears
The festive mirth, and mantle nuptial rites
In mournful obsequies. For wedded ills,
No censure lights on wedded life ; but falls
On brutal hearts, that wrest the marriage tie,
Best privilege of man, to ample curse.

With symbols graced, the glove is honoured
badge]

Masonic worn. Insignia, not kened
By gaping multitude, distinguish well,
To eyes initiate, the wearer's rank,
And bind the whole in end and action one.
But where their parentage, or what their laws
Or power of good, the curious world must guess,
And guess the secret too ; and why the fair,
The best that dwell on earth, and useful most,
Should be debarred. It may, they credit yet
That slander stale, by foes on females stamped ;
Trust secrets to the wind, no woman trust.

When mortal dust puts on its last array
For sepulture, the glove has final use.
We dress, and dress anew, while fitting here ;
But robes sepulchral wear, till trumpet's sound
Bid small and great to judgment rise,
For bliss immortal, or undying pain.

FOURTH OF JULY.

Ye sons of freedom join,
With heart and soul, to sing
An anthem all divine,
And loud hosannahs bring
To God the blest,
Who gave us rest,
Whose mighty hand,
Redeemed our land.

Hear, Lord, a nation's song
That rolls with heart and voice ;
Through all her coasts along,
To thee she sends her joys ;
Ye spheres of light
Behold the sight,
And aid the praise,
With heaven-born lays.

Defend our heritage,
Thou God of earth and sky,
Henceforth from age to age,
Till time itself shall die :

And may this grace
Still meet its praise,
From countless tongues
In thankful songs.


The grace, redeeming man,
Is light of life divine ;
And next in wisdom's plan,
The beams of freedom shine :
Angelic throngs,
Assist our songs,
And swell the sound
The earth around.

THE CHRISTIAN.

ADDRESSED TO MISS E— M— L—.

Who claims, in truth, the Christian's reverend
name,
High honour claims, and wealth of price untold.
His heart, divinely wrought, complacent sees,
Admires, adores Jehovah's excellence
Reflected from his works ; but brighter viewed,
In mercy's scheme to rescue guilty man.

Benevolent, a brother's wo he feels
His own; a brother's joy is joy to him.
Pity sufficeth not ; his hasty step
Repairs, where poverty and sorrows dwell,
To mingle soothing tears, with want and pain.
His willing hand dispenses charity,
In timely aid ; and such his grace of mien,
It seems his privilege to toil and give.
Nor bounded here his high benevolence ;
He views around, abroad, unnumbered crowds
Swift passengers to that unending world,
Where all is bliss divine, or anguish all,
Progressive each, intense beyond our thought.
He sees the bliss of millions on a point,
The moment's fleeting point, precarious hang,
At awful hazard set, and anxious cries ;
Is aught, to save from death, in my control,
To raise to life ? From death himself redeemed,
He ought, he can prescribe the balm of life ;
To those around he can, he ought, in strains
Affectionate and strong, their dangers speak ;
He ought, he can instruct, expostulate,
And urgent press Immanuel's dying love.
Each day occasion brings, of good to souls ;
Each day should record make ; it was not lost.
To distant souls the evangelic tract,
The missionary and the Bible can



The truth convey. Elate with pious hope,
He aids, with name and wealth, the holy cause ;
Nor stands indifferent who may die or live.


The Christian's friendships high and sure are set
The virtuous all on earth, he has their heart ;
His love uncounted hosts angelic hail,
And on him rests Jehovah's changeless smile.
High are his aims, to dwell mid angel throngs,
Adorned in diadem of "righteousness,"
With Jesus, King of kings, eternal throned.

To speak the Christian's comfort, hope and joy,
What tongue of man or angel dares the task ?
In life's bewildered maze, where devious paths
Perplexing wind their way, alluring, decked
With fancy's gay illusions, who or what
To solid good, shall point his fearless step ?
In holy writ, stamped with the Spirit's seal,
Consummate wisdom points to lasting good.
What hand can ward th' assaults of potent foes,
That threaten life, and hopes more worth than life ?
Unmoved he meets their rage and triumphs too ;
Omnipotence his refuge and his shield.
Afflictions, losses, poignant griefs descend
On Christian heads, as dews on grassy plains,
To quicken or correct, and vigour give,
In growth for heaven, of holy faith and love.
For this his griefs are sent by love divine,

And numbered mercies, all of highest worth
In God's account ; hence ranked kind gifts to those
He loves, and by that love subservient made
To their expanded hopes, immortal raised.
This love, nor height nor depth, nor death nor life
Shall wean, assured by pledge of Jesus' death.
Though sorrows press, though swift afflictions crowd,
And death is sure, they 're mercy's messengers
To bring him peace, to work eternal joy ;
Nor can they fail, by grace efficient made.

In dying pangs the Christian's life begins,
Unfettered, holy, active, full of joy ;
Nor sin, nor pain, nor fear to mar his bliss.
What though the trumpet sound ; the skies be burned ?
The trump, the burning skies, the rending tombs,
Is consummation full of his desire.
His dust resumed, now heavenly-wrought, he sees
His Saviour face to face, and hears with joy,
With joy unfelt before, the final word ;
"Thou blessed, come ; the kingdom long prepared
Is thine, with all its glory and its bliss,
Eternal thine, gift of almighty Love."

It well deserves dear Ellen's sober thought
(Sure Ellen thinks, though yet in life's gay morn)
To know and feel the Christian's hope and joy.
And are they hers ? Melancthon hails her blest,
With gratulations ardent more, than were



the earth and all it holds at her command ;
for these will fade ; but those eternal bloom.

THE DEACON.

A deacon once upon a time,
As up and down he walked,
Deep brooding o'er his daily toils,
Thus to himself he talked :

I brew and still the poisoned stuff,
That spreads destruction round ;
And conscience in this deathful work,
But little peace hath found.

The temperance folks beset me too,
And break my inward peace ;
They tell me of a wretched doom,
Unless my works I cease.

I 'm sore perplexed, what shall I do ?
To truth and conscience bend ?
Or onward go at risk of all
And meet a doleful end ?

The church of right look up to me
And double duties claim ;
If others then I tempt to sin,
'T is double guilt and shame.

Now while the deacon thus perplexed
Quick paced in thoughtful mood,
Lo ! Satan, like just what he is,
Close at his elbow stood.

The startled deacon would have fled,
So sore was his alarm ;
But Satan bland and smiling said,
My son, I mean no harm :

I see your case and own it hard,
That gain you should forego ;
And this forsooth, lest you should lead
Some thousands down to wo.

Cheer up, my son, my darling son,
Go on, go on and brew ;
The judge and jury will sustain,
And I will help you through.

The deacon bowed and grinned a smile,
And thus his fealty swore ;
With thousand thanks for help my ' Lord,
I 'm thine for evermore.

THE RESPONDING STRANGER.

TO MISS E— N—.

Afar from home, that dear loved spot of birth,
 And nurtured youth ; where hover still the thoughts,
 That laden come, with recollections strong
 Of joys to memory dear ; from friends afar,
 Choice friends of youth, in riper days well scanned,
 And known of heart sincere, by thousand smiles,
 By thousand deeds ; unprized I stand alone !
 A stranger mid my kind ! in deep suspense,
 In whom full confidence may safe repose,
 And meet a heart reciprocal, the bond,
 The life of all that 's worth dear friendship's name.

Whose heart is won at sight, is lost as soon,
 A friend of sickly growth, ephemeral.
 If worth the care to keep, he must be tried
 And proved of soul sublime, that can forego
 The selfish good, to pluck the thorn from hearts
 That bleed, and minister the healing balm.
 As on the lonely bough, the widowed dove
 Unheeded moans, so I unheard complain ;
 Or as on desert heath, the pelican
 No good describes, to me no joy arrives.

High on the storm-beat cliff I stand ; around
 A dreary solitude far stretches forth
 And wide, nor cheering spot invites the eye,
 Nor friendly note salutes the listening ear.
 'Mong strangers can a stranger hope to find,
 All in a day, the friend of years ? Ah ! no ;
 This were to seek a miracle, or hope
 The victor's crown, the conquest not achieved.
 And must I then, afar from friends and home,
 A stranger be ? mid strangers, friendless stand ?

It must not, shall not be, Eliza, no ;
 Though far from home, and friends of early date,
 Well tried, you 'll find a heart that willing shares
 Another's pain, and most when weep the fair.
 Know then, Eliza, know, Melancthon's heart
 Appreciates dear friendship's worth, his soul
 Detests the mercenary's changeling love,
 And asks from kindred breasts untiring faith.
 Fearless entrust, to his fidelity,
 Thy wants, and griefs, and pains, nor traitor fear ;
 Though found but yesterday, he can't deceive.
 His soul deep versed in cares, would instant leap
 To soothe thy aching heart, thy hope confirm ;
 And that surmounting friendship's aid, he 'd point
 Where mercy reigns, omnipotent to cure.
 Eliza, no ! not friendless, though from home ;
 Melancthon is thy friend ; and better still,

Of rectitude the inward consciousness
 Sustains, and mitigates affliction's sting ;
 And cheering more, thy father's God is near ;
 He 'll guide and guard thy wandering step,
 And bend to good all change, all loss, all pain,
 Eternal good, if in Him thou confide.
 A broken reed, is choicest good, or hope,
 Or friendship known on earth, with that compared,
 Celestial-sprung, high as th' Almighty throne,
 Sufficient as the plenitude divine,
 And immortality its blissful date.

The morn o'ercast, a cloudless sun ensues ;
 The thunders hushed, the lightnings still, the bow
 Displayed in richest robes, fair covenant sign,
 Sheds peace on earth ; and thus a present grief
 Prepares the soul, with keener zest, to drink
 The joy reserved. In nature's elements
 The storm but purifies, and brings to man
 Gay health ; of human life the adverse too
 Has use medicinal ; it sets on edge
 The hungry appetite, on plainer dish
 To feast, and feast with relish, though denied
 The sumptuous fare, that freakish fancy craves.
 So close allied is good to ills of life,
 That pain is pioneer to surest joy.
 Thy God omnipotent, is wise and good ;
 To Him thy cause commit, in Jesus' name ;

Nor changes fear to do thee hurt. By Him
Constrained, they will, they must, subserve thy joy;
A joy unfading, incorruptible, the gift
Of Love divine, vast as the soul's desire,
And during as her own eternal years.

THE WATCH SEAL.

ADDRESSED TO MISS F— R— D—.


The seal of virgin gold, cornelian set,
Presented by dear Frances' hand, I sing.
But when or where he lived, inventor named,
Nor playful muse, nor grave philosopher,
Has sung or told. When with Achilles warred
Brave Hector's arm, and Homer sang the strife,
The seal was rare, and scarcely known its use,
To Greeks well-skilled in arts. Epistles then,
In prose and verse were writ, and sent abroad.
Close looped with thread or thong, or wrapt in knots;
Nor curious eye would deign to steal a glance;
An act so mean their noble spirits scorned.
And think'st thou, Frances, letters now might pass,
Thus sealed, through hundred hands, and safely reach

Their destined home, unbroke, unread ? The sheet,
With sighs bespattered o'er and lover's vows,
Would instant draw the prying gaze ; as stars
That nightly shoot athwart the sky, or glide
In streams of light from near the zenith point.

When warred Hamilcar's son, near mighty
Rome,

The seal engraved, in bracelet set or ring,
Adorned alike the lady's hand or arm,
And sturdy fingers skilled in war. Make search
The globe around ; the custom holds, in tribes
Of savage birth, to ornament the hand,
The ear, the nose, with silver wrought or gold ;
And, in defect of these, a sheep-shank bone
Is graceful deemed. A lady's hand, the ring
Not misbecomes ; but on a man, man formed
To wield the sledge, the spade, the plough, it fits
As nice, and looks as gay, as jewel hung
In swine snout slit athwart ; save when 't is worn
Memorial of a friend.


Let not the fair
On golden trinkets, gems and brodered locks,
For charms rely. No charms will these create,
Save in the wearer's eye, or gaze of fools.
Their brightest ornaments, attractive most
To men of worth are wisdom, gentleness
And grace of mien, with dignity combined,



O'erspread with veil of modesty, that proves
The owner conscious not of her own power,
And bids pert triflers stand in silent awe.
And are there such ? Yes, bad as goes the world,
And not a few. Yet one stands prominent
Whom I could name ; but modesty forbids ;
Not mine, but hers : she sat, the likeness strikes.

Great kings, in olden time, had seals to stamp
On edicts royal force, for life or death.
Such that by Haman borne, to sanction laws
Ordained against good Jacob's captive race.
All die they must, for one of thousands dared
Unhallowed reverence to pride refuse.
Wrest, from the minion's grasp the prey, who can ?
If help, where hope is hopeless, can be wrought ;
The fearless scheme from female heart must spring.
Queen Esther dares the bold experiment,
Appalling all but woman's soul ; she dares
And saves her race, at peril of her blood.
Such impotence of man's device, opposed
To schemes divine, we see in ruptured seal,
Where lay, in Joseph's tomb, the Lord of life.
The seal, the stone, the guard, is feeble bar
To hold Omnipotence death's prisoner.

There is a seal of high and sacred use,
The seal of truth divine, held by the hand
Omnipotent ; and stamped on human hearts,



s his impress strong. And by this sign
 e recognized, the friends and heirs of God,
 acy, nearest, sweetest, known ;
 own, not coveted, by those unsealed.
 al divine, gives likeness, privilege
 ety stamped on all the heirs of God ;
 ants sure title, sure as truth itself,
 and joy, still full, still growing more,
 as the years of Him that gives.
 that Power, whose name is stamped
 lds, impress it deep, indelible,
 ces' heart, and seal her His in life,
 1, amid dissolving elements,
 at his final judgment seat she stands,
 ile almighty Love can bliss bestow.

THE JUBILEE.

4th JULY, 1826.

elcome, welcome, happy day ;
 elcome, welcome, millions say ;
 is day proclaims our fathers' deeds [Repeat]

To purchase freedom for their heirs,
The blessing ours, the toil was theirs.

Half a cent'ry we 've been free,

'T is our nation's jubilee,

Happy day, O happy day,

Now ten millions joyful say.

Welcome, welcome, sacred morn,

Day of joy, a nation born ;

Hail ye brave, all hail ye free,

Sound the trump of jubilee.

Freedom's banner flies secure,

Joy abounds from shore to shore,

All equal laws and rights enjoy ;

Our cities rise, our tillage spreads,

To every clime our commerce speeds ;

Science pours th' unborrowed beam,

Arts succeed of every name ;

Self-dependence be mature,

Independence will be sure.

Welcome, &c.

Sages, heroes, reared our fame,

Honour due we give their name,

Record their deeds on grateful hearts,

And charge our sons, till time's last age,

To gild them on th' unrivalled page.

Higher praise, the praise divine,
Mighty God, be wholly thine,
Author thou of all we boast,
Keeper too, or soon 't were lost.
Welcome, &c.

Silver streams that glide along,
Vales and mountains aid the song;
All nature join with sweet accord,
Adore the Author of our bliss,
Till rolling suns their circles cease.
Mighty God, thou God of grace,
Freedom grant to all our race;
Send thy word to break their chain,
Rights and laws, O bid them reign.
Welcome, &c.

THE TRIUMPHANT DEATH

OF MISS E—— P——, ADDRESSED TO MISS A—— P——.

Who scorn our Christian creed, come see this
couch,
And on it stretched th' emaciate forms of youth.

Around, a mother, sister, brother, friends
 Are fixed in grief; nor smile is seen amid,
 Save on the dying face; it blooms in death.
 The world has charms, enchanting to the young,
 On hope's deluded eye its phantoms play,
 And promise paradise. Immortal hope,
 Inspired by grace, eclipses these, as stars
 To vision lost, when looks abroad the sun.
 The joy beginning now for endless date,
 Beams through the eye, and lights up all the face
 To dignity, to triumph; throws on death
 The heavenly smile, and makes the monster seem,
 Clad in celestial robes, a lovely form.
 But hark the voice, in softest, sweetest note!
 "To Jesus thanks, who takes me home with ease!
 Can this be death? 'T is falling into sleep,
 From which I'll wake like him; in glory wake."

Thus young Eliza dies; nor feels the pang,
 Despairing felt by graceless souls, on wing
 For vast eternal; pang inspired by death
 Of time, of ease, of hope. If thinks his soul
 On future things, despair tears up the heart,
 And through the rolling eye its horrors shoot.
 Urged to the brink, then thrown by terror back,
 She looks for resting-place, but looks in vain.
 In all around she sees mortality,
 Save in the date of pains she's doomed to feel.

Why shoots this soul the gloomy way, compelled,
and so dismayed? She spurned the Gospel call,
and dreads to meet her God!

WOMAN'S SMILE.

ADDRESSED TO MISS V— H—.

Some love the chase, with hound and horn,
High leaping dike and stile;
But huntsman's sport yields no delight
Compared with woman's smile.

Some thousands climb the scale of fame,
Expert in trick and wile;
Yet, highest raised, they nothing gain
Compared with woman's smile.

The miser toils and hoards his gold,
A pauper all the while;
But golden heaps impart no joy
Compared with woman's smile.

The jovial hie to play and ball,
Bedecked in gaudy style ;
But these inspire no ecstasy
Compared with woman's smile.


Let Celebs sneer at wedded life,
And stir up all his bile ;
No joy he knows, nor ever can
Compared with woman's smile.

Two things I seek, I ask no more,
My sorrows to beguile ;
The Christian's hope of future bliss,
And woman's soothing smile.

THE PURSE.

ADDRESSED TO MISS M—— W——.

The purse, a high-prized gift from Mary's hand,
Awakes the slumbering muse, and bids her sing
The power, for good or ill, its stores can wield.
O'er sword and spear of thousand marshalled hosts,
And navies thundering loud, in crimson death,



The vaunting purse its easy triumph boasts.
The Delphic dame, consulting well the wish
Of applicants, announced, in olden time,
What bids man blush ; " Attack with silver spears,
The world will yield." Avaunt the guilty charge
On man promiscuous'hurled ; for thousands feel,
As felt our patriot Reid, who prompt replied
To British guile, that tried his faith with gold,
When with the lion's strength our eagle warred ;
" Though little worth, your king 's too poor to buy."


Celestial gifts of richest price, transformed
By hands unhallowed, teem with woes and death ;
And thus the purse, diverted from its use,
Is fount prolific of envenomed streams.
The purse steals into hearts, exiling thence
Truth, justice, mercy, with their social train ;
And fills the void with demon brood, hell-born.
The prowler's arm, 't is this which nightly nerves,
And points his deathful charge. 'T is love of this,
That blights the earth with frauds and perjuries,
And bids the widow's moan and orphan's cry,
For sure redress to heaven ascend ; redress
Of wrongs, imposed by hands to friendship pledged.

The purse in lady's hand, with chiming gold,
Has magic art to smooth the haggard face,
To light the eye, to deck with brilliant charms,
And set her forth, renowned as Helen's self,

Encompassed by obsequious swains, who bow
And wait her freakish nod; while merit walks
Unheeded by; forsooth 't is penniless.

In dazzled eyes, the purse has power to throw
On vice fair virtue's charms, and for it win
Th' applauding tongue; and few, alas! how few,
Can dare to hurl the plain, the stern rebuke
At guilt, in golden trappings, bearing sway.
Above its fellest deeds, since time began,
The purse can boast Iscariot bribed to sell,
To rankling foes, celestial innocence.
And next its damning guilt, emblazoned stands
Confessed, in luring villains o'er the deep,
To drag, from native wilds, dark Afric's sons.

The purse has noble use beneficent,
To spread the canvass, wafting commerce stores
From clime to clime, and bringing each the fruits
And arts of distant lands; and hence we gain
Unnumbered comforts, else to us unknown.
The purse has power to smooth the rugged earth
For man's convenience, and to bid it smile;
To glide the laden bark o'er mountain tops,
Where eagles perched, and pards unhunted roamed
Or roll the burdened car o'er hill and dale,
Through mountain cliffs, and valleys reared to plains
And thus to bind, in social intercourse,
The wide extremes of far extended realms;




Cementing firmer tie than compacts sealed,
Though sealed with patriot blood, profusely shed.

The purse, employed to softer woes of life,
Or cure, will grave on hearts that truth sublime ;
“ To give is blessed more than to receive.”
To give, is feast of soul to misers strange ;
They hoard and watch, nor will for urgent wants
The treasure break, still kept for numbering o’er ;
The holders poor, amid the glittering heaps.
Such niggards, from my soul, I do despise.
What then ? shall he have praise, who scatters wide
The gains inherited of others’ toil ?
Who hastes, on whirlwind wing, from rout to rout,
And lured by cards or dice, can spend the night,
Or daily dash with chaise, in dandy style,
And bid the wondering world stand in amaze ?
And canst thou, Mary, see the puppet strut,
And not indignant say ; a monkey sure !

Far nobler charities, than wants of time
(Though these must ne’er unheeded pass) command
The opening clasp to yield the treasure stored.
To give the word divine, t’ instruct, persuade,
And bring lost man to God ; to send the tract
To teach and warn and soothe ; to usher forth
Such heralds of the cross, as Paul would own
In work so vast ; to plant and to sustain
Blest Sabbath schools, till all the rising race

Be trained for God ; are holy claims, strong urged,
To golden stores. That, scattered thus, is all
That lives of earth, in fruits beyond the grave.
For future harvests, lasting in their joy,
The seed time 's now ; and he, that sparing sows,
Shall sparing reap, and reap in kind that sown.

A scanty purse, dear Mary, will suffice,
Ere long to buy what thou canst use or need,
The coffin, shroud, and trimmings for the grave.
Beyond this point, this point which must be met,
Though dreaded much, no earthly stores can reach
Nor can they bribe its stay, or raze it out
From th' onward path of man, there stamped of Go
When sin attained first our new made kind.
He 's named a fool, that spends his strength and tin
To gather straws, nor hears life's urgent calls ;
Should he be wiser deemed, that sees no world
Retributive, but grasps, with soul engrossed,
A shadowy good, when seized, already lost ?
Let Mary urge afar her steadfast thought,
On wings angelic borne, to worlds where live
Undying souls in joys eternal rapt ;
Or sink from gulf to gulf in anguished death.
These pangs are heritage, dear bought by most
With love of gold, or guilty means to gain
Or spend ; while joys like these, divine and full,
A world of wealth is impotent to buy,



Or bribe the law to set the prisoner free.
Would Mary find eternal bliss, she must
Ascend, redeemed, not with corruptible,
Or aught that 's valued less than blood divine ;
And purified by grace, for joy that 's pure.


 In love divine, by Shiloh's death restored,
For guilty man that will submissive yield
To mercy's claim, rich treasures hidden lie,
Unfading, incorruptible, and full,
Dispensing joys, unknown in time, complete,
Extatic, higher and still higher raised.
These treasures, proffered by Immanuel's hand,
Wait for acceptance ; but not long will wait,
(Nor man nor angel knows if one short hour)
And once withdrawn, they 're lost, forever lost.
O seize, dear Mary, seize, by instant faith,
The princely boon ; wait not to-morrow's sun,
Nor let the world an atom weigh, in choice
Of joys celestial, for immortal years.

THE TRUE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

TO MISS J— E—.

'T is hard, dear Jane, for youth to tell
The kind of world in which they dwell :
There 's mirth, there 's crying,
There 's birth, there 's dying ;
Some wed and that 's their best,
For strife makes up the rest ;
Some maids we see
That wives would be ;
Some married dames, and they not rare,
Who fain would be as once they were ;
Many think another's lot,
Better far than that they 've got,]
And peevish, fretful, and impatient grow
To taste the bliss they fancy others know ;
Nor do they once suspect
In it the least defect.

'T is sure, dear Jane, God ne'er designed
This world to tantalize mankind,
Their hopes exciting,
Their prospects blighting,




Thus sporting with their ease,
 As if caprice to please :
 The fault we 'll find,
 Lies in the mind ;
 We frolic, dance, and frisk away,
 Content with naught but mirth and play ;
 Sources fail of mental peace,
 When these bustles needs must cease.
 Now, in a word, if happiness thou 'lt find,
 " Content and godliness " must be combined ;
 Naught else can give thee rest,
 And make thee truly blest.

BENEVOLENCE.

ADDRESSED TO MISS H— G—.

The eye, that vigil keeps for human wants,
 human woes, will spy of each enough,
 cenned by selfish sight, to bleed the heart,
 I wake the generous hand ; so Helen saw,
 saw, and timely she relieved my want,
 warming present, product of her skill.
 uld you the value learn ? go urge your steed,




On duty's errand, mid northwester's howl
Or driving snows, o'er hill and dale ice bound.
When winter's cold locks up the fettered streams,
Congeals the elements, and mantles earth
With hoary frost ; it melts to gratitude
The heart, for vesture that defies its force,
For house and earth. Eternal ice, rude piled
In rugged heaps, reared up to mountain height,
On Greenland shores, is chilling to the soul ;
But more it chills, to see in human breast
A frozen heart, unmelted by man's grief,
Unwarmed by friendship or benevolence.

 Say, what would man be deemed, if heartless
 formed ?

And what more noble he, whose heart ne'er feels ?
'T is warmth of generous heart in gratitude,
In friendship and benevolence deep felt,
Makes large amount of man's felicity.

 Who roams the earth and feels no friendly tie,
A stranger mid his kind, is stranger too
To half life's solace. Unsuspecting hearts,
In sentiment assimilate as one,
That unrestrained pour out the living warmth,
Have feast untasted by the selfish tribe.
The heart, unmoved by friendship's dear delights,
Has type in prison house of final wo.
Where, social ties dissolved, each stands for self,



And each in pain, to utmost tolerance,
Has joy (such joy as fell despair inspires)
To see all whelmed in anguish exquisite.

To be dependant, is prerogative
Inherited by creatureship, in man
Or angel. Each on other of his kind
For help and comfort leans, and all on God.
The sphere is wide of gifts and gratitude,
Where constant blessings pour around,
From hand to hand; and rich the spring of joy
To feeling hearts. How wise the Maker's law!
That willed dependence, fount of social good,
And bond of kindness, through his vast domain.
If creature intercourse gives zest so rich,
Where none have higher worth than instruments;
Far richer still, the feast of gratitude
Outpoured to boundless Love, supremely good,
Who gives efficiency to finite help.
Amain, as moments fly, His blessings press,
And call for grateful hearts. Above the rest
Preeminent, the theme of heavenly song,
Redeeming grace, in richest glory sets,
In view of worlds, divine benevolence,
That brings to dying man the hope of life.
Who sees a God, in time's ten thousand gifts,
And grasps, by faith the worlds of light unseen,
Adoring, whiles on earth, in grateful strains;

That man has nobler joys, than worlds of sense
Can e'er create ; and higher hopes, assured
By promise of his God, " in Christ, amen."
In brighter realms, as blessings from the Lamb
On sainted hosts descend, 't will be their joy,
In thankful notes, to chant eternal praise.

But rational, capacitate to will and act,
Must aim at others' good, foregoing self ;
To this his nature binds, to this his God.
'T is paradox, in fair experiment
By angel solved and man ; who gives the most,
Has most to give, and most for self reserved.
To feel benevolence, unmixed with self,
To God assimilates the host redeemed ;
And this consummate, is consummate joy.

Supreme in heaven the law of kindness reigns
In raptured saints and burning cherubim ;
Nor other rule directs th' omniscient Mind,
Who formed and governs all, with single aim,
Himself to glorify, in blessing all,
Obedient to his claims, who love to bless.
And when Omnipotence, in justice robed,
Lights Tophet's burning pit, benevolence
Still guides the hand, that deals unuttered pains,
Which monitory seek the general weal.

Benevolence, though not a plant earth-sprung
Must strike its root, deep fixed in hearts on earth,

Or in celestial climes it ne'er shall grow.
Toward God benevolence and gratitude ;
Then next, to man and all the sentient ;
Are springs of purest, noblest joys on earth ;
And when on high mature, are bliss of saints,
With smiles benignant from the great I AM.

MORNING CALL.

TO MISS M—— D——, AT SUNRISE.

Mary, ah ! Mary, arise with the sun,
Shining in glory, his work is begun ;
Blessing the world with his heart-cheering rays,
Silent he chants the Creator's loud praise.

Mary, ah ! Mary, arise and adore ;
Praise him all lands, till the sun is no more ;
Take then the theme, ye seraphical throng,
Loud and eternal the anthem prolong.



FRIENDSHIP.

TO MRS. A— K—.

Mid all the titles, worn by worldly pomp
Since first assumed, through long ambitious rolls
Of glittering fame, till fled the Corsican
His lofty throne; not one for me hath charms.
In humbler spheres, a title can be found,
That makes me covetous. A duke, a lord,
A king, an emperor, is common praise,
That villains share; but friend, is point too high
For highest reach of guilt; unblemished name,
By which I would be known; it gains the heart;
While stars and garters catch the gaze of fools.

Say, what is friendship? 'T is of heart and hand
Good will unchanged. And whence its potent spring
In Christian ethics, code of Him that gave
No doubtful proof of undisputed claim,
To be of friends the first. By him inspired,
We feel the kindred glow, that lights on all,
Or foe or friend, as dart divergent rays
On spheres around the sun; condensate these,
Converged by burning lens, fall on a point

With vivid force; so friend meets friend in love,
 The privilege, will duty's law permit,
 To love some more, some less? The pious house
 Near Bethany, and he of Patmos isle,
 Participants of Jesus' special love,
 To friendship's ardent choice, give ample grant.
 The pattern is divine, nor can it lead
 The honest heart amiss. Thus justified,
 Near Anna and her spouse I well may love,
 Beyond most living. What I may, I do;
 And joy in hope, the bond reciprocal
 For eternal date.

THE SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS.

TO MISS C— F—.

Searching round for happiness,
 I asked the wealthy few,
 Can ye tell me where 's her home?
 And does she dwell with you?
 Sighing deep with anxious breast,
 They slowly answered thus;
 All in vain we 've wooed her long,
 Her home is not with us.

Next I asked the laughing throng,
 Who mirth and sport pursue,
 Spending nights at play and ball,
 Is happiness with you ?
 Candour claims the honest truth,
 They said, and we confess,
 Plays and balls will ne'er be found
 The home of happiness.

Wearied with my toilsome search
 I asked of rank to tell,
 Mid their power and pomp, with them
 If happiness e'er dwell.
 Prompt replied a troubled host,
 With anxious brow and mien,
 Ask not us, our life is care,
 Nor happiness we 've seen.

Hopeless then I homeward turned
 And pensive trod my way,
 Gilded scenes were all withdrawn,
 As dreams at opening day.
 On my road I met a sage,
 He seemed a saint of God ;
 Hope revived, I eager asked,
 Where happiness abode.

Smiles benignant clothed his brow,
 He spake with kindly voice ;
 Earthly pomp and sport and wealth
 Can yield no lasting joys ;
 Pardoned guilt and peace with God
 With faith of joys to come,
 Give to aching hearts sweet rest
 And happiness her home.

TO A YOUNG CLERGYMAN.

ON CHOOSING A WIFE.

The legate of the skies to mortal man,
 bears high commission, from the King of kings.
 His words authentic, drawn from Bible truth,
 Will savour life or death to thousand souls ;
 And in this life or death interminable,
 His own involved. Who dare this trust betray ;
 And impious, by unhallowed works, degrade
 The high commission, best vouchsafed to man ?

“To lead a wife,” is privilege bestowed ;
 A boon of richest worth when used aright,
 To gain a helper in the holy work.

By hasty choice, ill judged, reverse of all
 That should denote God's messenger, I grieve
 To see him wed what suits him not, nor suits
 The trust he holds responsible. And what
 Or who will please, or can be helper meet
 For God's ambassador? The pencil guide,
 Blest Spirit, dipped in truth; the portrait drawn
 Shall please thine eye. His choice, amid the best
 Must stand preeminent, in common sense,
 In piety and zeal of onward march,
 In principles from Gospel truth deep drawn,
 Of heart affectionate and temper mild,
 Of humble mien, with grace and dignity,
 Of prudence, gentleness and meekness joined,
 Afar from vanity, from pride afar,
 In person neat, to gaudy fashions blind,
 To others' wants and weal benevolent,
 Renouncing self, a friend to all, by all
 Beloved. For such make search, nor be in haste;
 The prize, when found, will well reward thy care.

Such twice I sought, and twice, in mercy, found:
 In each a helper, prompt to smooth my way
 In duty's varied calls; each knowing well
 Her rightful sphere, to aid in pious works,
 And faultless manage household cares,
 To save to spend for God, at duty's claim,
 Each vigilant to train her growing charge,

Well versed in truth divine ; to warn, exhort
And urge, with prayers, and tears, their early thought
On their own state, and on a Saviour's love.

Once blest and blest again while hundreds miss,
I 'm debtor deep to counsel from the skies ;
Insolvent debtor owned.

EXPOSTULATION.

See, wretched man, condemned of God,
Your ransom paid with precious blood, !
On Calvary freely spilt ;
Th' incarnate Son bore, in our stead,
The curse of sin on his own head
To free our souls from guilt.

Glad tidings now the Gospel gives,
The man that trusts his merit lives,
His merit is divine ;
With sin and guilt and fear oppressed
We 'll go to Jesus seeking rest,
O Saviour, make us thine.

Ye saints adorned in robes he wrought,
Your peace and pardon he has bought,
 You 'll reign with him above ;
Deny yourselves and bear his cross,
Compared with him count all things loss,
 And tell the world his love.

With sin oppressed, come, mourning soul,
The blood of Christ can make you whole,
 His word of grace believe ;
He is the Lord our righteousness,
His Spirit breathes and seals our peace,
 When Jesus we receive.

Come, aged sinner, gray in guilt,
For thee there 's pardon, if thou wilt,
 In Christ the Lamb there 's room ;
Thy sins to thousand thousands swell,
And canst thou with fierce burnings dwell ?
 O flee this fearful doom.

In sin, ye young, no farther go,
It is the road to wrath and wo ;
 Remember now your God ;
No more your guilty pleasures try,
For death is there ; to Jesus fly,
 There 's pardon in his blood.

The rending rocks, the darkened skies,
Proclaim Immanuel's agonies,
His agonies within ;
Ye hearts, insensible as steel,
When Jesus dies will you not feel
One pang for all your sin ?

Ye scoffers, that all good deride,
From Jesus' veins come see the tide,
'T is mercy's healing balm ;
Behold on Calvary's bleeding mount,
The only sin-atoning fount
O love the suffering Lamb.

Ye saints on earth, and saints above,
With angels join to sing the love
Of our Immanuel ;
Come, sinner bow, the chorus join,
By faith the blessing may be thine,
In glory yet to dwell.

THE SINNER SUBMITTING TO CHRIST.

Think, my soul, thy days are wasting,
Soon their number will be o'er ;
All eternal rapid hasting,
Days of grace will be no more.

Think, my soul, what art thou doing,
 Heaven or hell just at the door ;
 One thy care now daily wooing,
 Teeming one with anguish sore.

God on high in grace hath spoken ;
 I 've rebelled against his word,
 Laws of love I 've wilful broken,
 Trampled on my bleeding Lord.

I have grieved the holy Spirit,
 Guilty all I 've lived in sin,
 Scorned the Saviour's richest merit,
 Stifled conscience oft within.

Save, O save, the wretched rebel !
 Pity, Lord, or I must die :
 Thou alone to save art able,
 Hear, O hear, the sinner's cry !

All my sins forever quitting,
 Willing now by sovereign grace,
 Loving Lamb, to thee submitting,
 Offered mercy I embrace.

THE HEAVENLY STRANGER.

Let sinners toil, with ceaseless pain,
 To heap up earthly treasure,
 The Christian strives of grace to gain
 Each day a fuller measure :
 On earth the pilgrim has no home,
 His work is toil and danger ;
 But glory is his constant aim,
 Though here he 's but a stranger.

Now far from home, his God is nigh,
 His smile new hope still raises ;
 He travels on to worlds on high
 To join the saints in praises :
 Though foes annoy and he is frail,
 Beset around with danger,
 His guide and guard now reigns above,
 And will not leave the stranger.

The holy men of ages past
 Had here no place of resting ;
 But foes without and fears within
 Were still their peace molesting :
 They viewed themselves but travellers here,
 Exposed each hour to dangers,
 They always sought their home above,
 And lived on earth as strangers.

Cast out and poor was Jesus too,
 So reads the mournful story ;
 Though friendless then, exalted now,
 He is the Lord of glory :
 No longer then let Christians grieve
 To meet with toil and danger,
 Since these befell the Lord of all,
 When in this world a stranger.

The pilgrim's peace a sigh disturbs,
 When of the cross he 's weary,
 When sorrows press and strength is faint,
 And all around is dreary :
 To Jesus then he turns his eye,
 And sees him in a manger ;
 His sighs are hushed, he 's willing now
 On earth to be a stranger.

For joy expected Jesus bore
 The cross without repining ;
 And we can smile at pain and death,
 By faith on him reclining.
 As pilgrims then we 'll journey on,
 Nor fear besetting dangers ;
 We 'll soon arrive at heaven our home,
 And there we 'll not be strangers.

THE END.

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